The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIV NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30, 1932 No. 3482

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 353
EDITORIALS:
"No One Is Starving" 356
Cutting Off Our Nose 357
A Brave Editor 357
George Eastman 358
SHALL WE DEVALUATE THE DOLLAR? I. By Henry Hazlitt.. 359
PANIC IN THE STEEL TOWNS. By Mauritz A. Hallgren 361
PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES: V. NORMAN THOMAS—WHY NOT? By Devere Allen 365
HEAVEN GOES REPUBLICAN. By Paul Y. Anderson 368
THE HORRORS AT SHANGHAI. By Agnes Smedley 369
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 371
CORRESPONDENCE 371
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE 372
FINANCE: KREUGER AND THE HOLDING COMPANY. By S. Palmer Harman 373
BOOKS, MUSIC, DRAMA, FILMS:
Poem for Jonathan. By Frances Frost 374
Darwin's Bulldog. By H. L. Mencken 374
More Hoover Books. By Maxwell S. Stewart 375
Ghost Story. By Kenneth White 375
Gold Mine of "Early American." By Gerald Sykes 376
Books in Brief 376
Music: Hints for Program-Makers. By Arthur Mendel 377
Drama: The Comedian's Paradox. By Joseph Wood Krutch 378
Films: Hollywood Preferred. By Margaret Marshall 380

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR
ASSOCIATE EDITORS
DOROTHY VAN DOREN MAURITZ A. HALLGREN
DEVERE ALLEN
DRAMATIC EDITOR JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
LITERARY EDITOR HENRY HAZLITT
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
HEYWOOD BROUN FREDA KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN
LEWIS S. GANNETT H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN
JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS ARTHUR WARNER
DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $6.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

SAID MRS. JOSEPH GAZZAM of Philadelphia on leaving the presence of Herbert Hoover on March 16: "The President gave me a cheery little message for the women of our country. He said, 'Tell them to keep up the fight.'" That was not only a cheery little message, but a very necessary one, coming as it did simultaneously with the cheery little news from North Dakota that no fewer than 80,000 Democratic votes had been cast in the primary contest, although never before in the history of that primary had a Democratic vote risen beyond 13,000. If Mr. Hoover's Presidential stock did not drop several points (in keeping with the movement on the Stock Exchange during the days that the returns were rolling in), it is an inexplicable phenomenon. Nor can Mr. Hoover obtain much satisfaction from reading of the steady progress to the Democratic nomination of Franklin D. Roosevelt. The latter swamped Governor Murray of Oklahoma by a vote of two to one in North Dakota, and he will have nine out of the ten delegates from that State. It is highly encouraging to the Roosevelt backers that rural States like North Dakota and New Hampshire have chosen him in the primaries, and that he already has the delegations from Washington and Minnesota. At this writing Governor Roosevelt has sixty-four votes of convention delegates actually elected. In addition he has been notified by the Democrats of Tennessee that the delegation of that State will be for him with no opposition. The belief of his managers that they will have 200 votes pledged to Governor Roosevelt by the end of April seems well within the possibilities.

THE NATIONAL POPULAR GOVERNMENT League, supported by a group of Senate and House Progressives, has found that the same Roosevelt, among the six leading Presidential candidates, has shown the best attitude on power. Just how enthusiastic over Governor Roosevelt are such men as Costigan, Walsh of Montana, Wheeler, Norris, Brookhart, Frazier, Johnson, Shipstead, La Guardia, and Kvale is not revealed; but the public decoration of New York State's Governor for the best power record reveals an astounding political naivete. It is true that Governor Roosevelt has fought against some intended power grabs and has advocated regulation and even public ownership. But he has fought in a manner which, we fear, must be regarded as characteristic. He has revealed his willingness to back down on public operation, and, what is even more important, has spoken in his campaign addresses definitely against publicly owned distribution—the keystone of any effective plan for public ownership. Well indeed may William H. Woodin, president of the American Car and Foundry Company and director in various other large corporations, publish on the selfsame day his conviction that, when it comes to power, "there is nothing of a destructive nature [*sic*] in Governor Roosevelt's make-up and outlook on life and affairs—for which reason I have no fear that in his approach to the problem he will bring to it either inclination or desire to destroy or hamper the many companies that for years have devoted their time, care, and money to the development of this great industry."

FOR THE ACTION of the House majority in kicking over the traces in their vote on amendments to the tax bill, the leaders of the Ways and Means Committee have no one but themselves to blame. In placing their main reliance for increased revenues upon a general sales tax that even the conservative Treasury did not approve, they brought their whole bill into disrepute, so that even the sounder features of it are now jeopardized. This is illustrated, for example, by the striking out of the "foreign-credit" section of the bill. For Congress first to start a tariff war that compels American corporations to open factories in foreign countries if they hope to do business there at all, and then to compel such American-owned factories abroad to submit to double taxation, does not seem entirely equitable. The rebelling members should recognize, also, that in putting the surtax rates up to the war-time level they have not quite solved the immediate revenue problem. Maximum surtaxes of 65 per cent, with the addition of the higher "normal" tax of 7 per cent, make a rate of 72 per cent on the highest incomes, many of which must also pay State income taxes. But it is not too difficult for great fortunes to evade taxes of this sort, particularly when there seems good reason to suppose that the high rates will not exist for a long period. The House members in opposition have still need of courage

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in proposing substitutes for the general sales tax. But they are to be congratulated on their refusal longer to be used, as so often in the recent past, as mere rubber stamps for the program of the Administration or their party leaders.

THE GLASS BANKING BILL now presented to the Senate is very little changed from its original form. Like the original bill, it is still a measure containing some very good provisions and some very dubious ones, most of them in no necessary way related to one another. Among the good features are those discouraging mere "chain" banking and widening the opportunities for branch banking; those establishing a "liquidating corporation" for national banks; that requiring adequate capital for newly organized banks; that removing the Secretary of the Treasury as an ex officio member of the Federal Reserve Board; and that restricting the underwriting of new securities by a member bank. But it is still somewhat doubtful whether the provisions for separating national banks from their investment affiliates, in spite of its laudable intent, will have the desired effect, and will not merely drive banks with such affiliates to State charters. Some of the "deflationary" provisions of the bill seem definitely harmful, particularly at this time. Only the provisions relating to the liquidating corporation can be called emergency legislation; for the rest, there is no reason why the measure should be rushed through as it is.

THAT ALL FEDERAL SALARIES will be cut if there is no improvement in our economic situation is plain enough, even if one does not go so far as to accept Congressman Rainey's reckless assertions, in his speech on behalf of the sales tax on March 17, that the country is "bankrupt" and has "borrowed all it could." The cut in salaries will obviously work great hardship to individuals, if only because many of our worthiest public servants are today miserably underpaid. Before that measure of economy is resorted to there should surely be a genuine effort made to reorganize the government bureaus, as President Hoover has demanded, even if that should somewhat increase the army of unemployed by the elimination of drones and officials whose work overlaps. But far more important than that, the Congress ought to lay ruthless hands upon the army and navy appropriations. There lies the great, the criminal waste, and so far there is no indication that the savings which should be made will be seriously tackled. The House special economy committee hopes to save $50,000,000 by cutting official salaries. It could cut $250,000,000 out of our $750,000,000 army and navy estimates with the greatest ease. That would mean a real contribution to the reduction of the daily deficit which Mr. Rainey gave as $7,882,000, whereas the $50,000,000 saving in salaries would offset that daily loss for less than a week. The army and navy budgets are the enemy today.

IN AN INTERESTING LETTER to the New York *Times*, Frederic A. Delano, long a valued member of the Federal Reserve Board, and former president of the Wabash Railroad, has set forth the conclusions of a group of "seven men of mature years and considerable experience with regard to the way out of the economic chaos." They agreed, he reports, that boom years such as 1928 and 1929 will not and should not return soon, and that the best that can be hoped for is a return to the conditions of 1922 and 1923. To produce even this, the group felt, the government's expenses must be put back to where they were ten years ago; a mere cut of 5 or 10 per cent will not suffice. This calls not only for more courage in dealing with the existing governmental situation than can be expected of the present set of politicians, but it means the ruthless elimination of such governmental agencies as the Farm Board, the Fleet Corporation, and the Shipping Board, the abolition of political navy yards and army forts. It means putting the Post Office into the hands of somebody other than the third-rate politician who is to be Chairman of the Republican Committee to reelect President Hoover while also drawing a salary as Postmaster General. Mr. Delano's group next agrees to higher income and inheritance taxes, but even these will not suffice, they admit. Hence they counsel that Congress and every State, county, city, and township be compelled to cut their budgets by 10 per cent in the coming year. Excellent counsel this is, of course. But how to bring it about? The group failed to see in the military budgets the obvious place to cut.

THAT ADMIRABLE WEEKLY, the London *Economist*, publishes regular reports of economic conditions in the principal countries of the world. Its habit is to begin its trade statistics with figures on employment, proceeding from that to such matters as coal, iron, and steel production, exports and imports, railway receipts, commodity prices, and banking statistics. In its monthly supplement of February 27 it prints such figures for the United States. These give comparisons in complete detail of present and former rates of pig-iron production, consumption of electrical energy, railway carloadings, security prices, bank clearings, and sales of mail-order houses. So anxious are we to know the condition of trade that nearly every one of these figures is compiled regularly down to the last digit. But under the head of "Employment," for which it has figures for nearly every leading country, the *Economist* in the case of the United States is compelled to leave the space blank. That is the one figure we do not furnish for the information of the world or for ourselves. We count our pig-iron production down to the last thousand tons, our cotton down to the last bale, and our bank clearings to the last dollar, but when it comes to knowing how many men are out of work, from what industries they have been laid off, and for how long, we are not sufficiently interested.

IS JAPAN turning away from the West? In the present century the eagerness of the Japanese people to embrace every possible phase of Western civilization has been the distinguishing feature of the island empire. Two editorials in Japanese papers recently, however, indicate that a departure from this process, at least in government, is not by any means unlikely. The *Japan Times*, a Japanese-owned journal published in English, carried an editorial which said:

> This is a period fraught with the most serious implications for the future welfare of the nation, for it is a period of doubting skepticism leading many to wonder whether representative government is not an idol fashioned with feet of clay, imposing in appearance, but lacking substance worthy of continued respect on the part of the public. . . . The public in this country feel that, in some ways, the present state of affairs is intolerable and that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> some drastic change must be inaugurated to make life for the nation bearable. Fascism contributes a medium whereby the fundamental institutions of the Empire may be preserved and yet certain objectives achieved.

The *Nichi Nichi Shimbun* has something to say along the same lines:

> The serious question which people are asking themselves in their hearts is whether the Diet is equal to the task [of the moment], and the temper of the times is such that, should the Diet fail to be equal to its task, its prestige will be shattered.

It is perhaps natural, with the military party so firmly in control, that this strong distrust of representative government should have been expressed. But it must be remembered in any consideration of Japan's future course in China, and it fits in with Japanese intransigence toward all attempts by the League of Nations to bring about a peaceful settlement of the trouble in Shanghai.

THE CHANGE OF FRONT on the part of Detroit newspapers in the few days following the recent attack by Dearborn and Ford private police on a parade of 3,000 unemployed workers has already been noticed in these columns. On the day following the riot—Tuesday—the newspapers unanimously condemned the "Communist outrage." On Wednesday morning they had completely changed their tone and expressed regret for the "blunder" committed by the authorities, described the demonstration as "orderly," and discovered compassion for the marchers who had been killed or beaten. It is perhaps worth noting that all day Tuesday unemployed meetings were being held in various parts of the city; one hall which held 6,500 was crammed to the doors, every seat being taken and every possible spare inch being occupied, while an overflow meeting of many more thousands milled about in the street outside. On Tuesday night the business men of the city were reported as being thoroughly frightened, and since there is no great love for Henry Ford among them, the word was somehow passed to the newspapers. Next morning the change of tone began. Nor did the demonstrations end on Tuesday. The funeral of the four men killed by the police was held on Saturday, March 12. Ten thousand persons marched; 1,000 automobiles—by actual count—added to the procession; at the cemetery the attendant at one gate estimated that 20,000 persons were within; at another gate, nearer the place where the ceremonies were actually taking place, an attendant declared that at least 30,000 made up the close-packed mass of men and women.

MAYOR MURPHY was quick to disclaim any responsibility on the part of Detroit police for the shooting. In statements carefully worded to guard against an outright attack on Dearborn authorities, he pointed out that there had been no trouble in Detroit, where the hunger marchers had not been interfered with. Nevertheless, it was ascertained at the hearing held after the riot that several Detroit policemen, including a detective, were at the scene. The Mayor denied knowing of their presence. In Detroit on Tuesday, however, when the newspapers were still hostile to the marchers, the police conducted raids on the Communist Party and the Trade Union Unity League headquarters, and on Monday evening and Tuesday scoured the city for participants in the march, picking them up and holding them at police headquarters until the Dearborn patrol wagon arrived to take them to Dearborn jail. Soon after the riot began, 150 Detroit policemen were ordered to the spot. "But," said Mayor Murphy, "they didn't get there until the shooting was over." When asked what would have happened if they had got there while the shooting was going on, the Mayor replied: "You know, we have to send police if neighboring authorities ask for them." Only the speedy end of the affair, therefore, by shooting and cold water, prevented an even more bloody fracas, in which the Detroit police also would probably have played their part.

A GREAT DEAL has been made in Geneva dispatches of the enormous petitions for disarmament brought by the delegates of peace societies the world around. These are, indeed, encouraging. But encouraging also, even if lacking in publicity, is the march of European young men on the conference from many quarters of the Continent, holding disarmament meetings along the way. Initiated by the International Fellowship of Reconciliation, the youth crusade has been crossing Belgium, France, Germany, and Holland, and is nearing Switzerland. In town after town new recruits have been picked up. Especially significant is the success of the marchers in France, where they have been supported by the Ligue des Droits de l'Homme, the Cartel de la Paix, La Jeune République, Les Volontaires de la Paix, organizations of teachers, trade unions, and even radical groups of ex-service men. Asking drastic cuts in arms, the crusaders report gatherings of 900 people at Paris Plage out of 4,000 inhabitants, 800 at Desvres with a population of 6,000, 1,200 at Boulogne, 400 at Le Havre, 700 at Yvetot, 400 at Rouen, 1,000 at Sin-le-Noble (a mining town). The people almost universally showed an eager interest.

THE DEATH of Professor Frederick J. Turner removed one of the best American historians, as well as one of the most modest. His name was not often in the public prints; he was neither a wholesale dispenser of magazine articles, nor a professional lecturer, nor a facile commentator upon current events. He was one who stuck to his job, and deemed it worthy of the best in him, and a very fine best that was even though only two volumes stand to his credit —"The Rise of the New West" and "The Frontier in American History," besides numerous monographs and special articles. He himself was a pioneer in that he brought out as no one else has the large degree in which American history has been the history of colonization of the great West, the relentless advance of the frontier. "American social development," he once wrote, "has been continually beginning over again on the frontier. This perennial rebirth, this fluidity of American life, this expansion westward with its new opportunities, its continuous touch with the simplicity of primitive society, furnish the forces dominant in American character." Certainly no one else so clearly brought out how greatly the westward expansion influenced the outstanding American issues—the slavery struggle, the rise of nationalism, the detachment from Europe, the whole agricultural life of the nation. As Carl Becker wrote in *The Nation* of November 10, 1929: "In giving direction to the methods of investigating American history, and in furnishing new light for its interpretation, the share of Mr. Turner has been the most profound and abiding of this generation."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"No One Is Starving"

THIS cheery message, a front-page headline in the New York *Times* and New York *Herald Tribune* on March 17, was the substance of telegrams from the governors of thirty-nine States, sent to Senator Bingham of Connecticut to strengthen his opposition to the Democratic road-construction relief bill. "No one is starving." The word came from North, South, East, and West; from Maine, Oregon, California, Massachusetts, and Illinois. From all but nine States of the Union came the word; no reported starvation, everybody being taken care of, anybody who wants food has but to ask for it, people are not actually starving in our State. Eight States did not respond. Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania alone, out of the entire country, freely and indignantly admitted that many thousands of persons in his State were the victims, today, "practically" of starvation.

What is it to starve? Governor Emmerson of Illinois reports: "While there is much destitution in Illinois, none of our people is actually starving, due to unemployment-relief funds provided both privately and by the State." During the week of January 5-12 hearings were held in Chicago by the Chicago Workers' Committee on Unemployment, at which many citizens came and told how much they were in need, and how much relief they were receiving from any source. A school principal testified as follows:

> I shall give you one instance. We were practicing for a chorus and a little boy about twelve years old was in the front line. He was clean in his overalls, but didn't have very much on under them. He was standing in the line when all at once he pitched forward in a dead faint. This was two o'clock in the afternoon. When he was revived, I tried to find the cause and he said he was hungry. He had not had anything to eat since the day before.

Another school principal declared: "I said to the teachers last fall, 'Whenever you have a discipline case, ask this question first, What has he had for breakfast?' Which usually brings out the fact that he has had nothing at all." A mother testified: "There is in the neighborhood a public eating place, and sometimes when the hash has been warmed up too many times they cannot very well put it on the table. The fit place for it is in the garbage can, but it is not yet spoiled and they give it to me." Governor Emmerson is obviously right. These people are not starving. The little boy who fainted had had something to eat the day before; the discipline cases had merely gone to school without their breakfasts; the other family had hash, fit for the garbage can, to be sure, but still recognizable probably by sight if not by taste or smell. What is starvation? Governor Emmerson admits 1,000,000 out of work in Illinois, out of a population of a little more than seven and a half million. More than one in eight out of work; at a conservative estimate, one in four in need. But starvation? Bless your heart, no. Governor Emmerson says not, and who should know better?

Governor Caulfield of Missouri wired Senator Bingham: "If any person is hungry he need but let it be known and he will have food. Unemployment estimated at 100,000." A report on the unemployment situation of St. Louis, given by Louis M. Wolf to the Conference on the Unemployment Program for Congress last December, tells a slightly different story. "One-third of the population of St. Louis is in want," declares Mr. Wolf. "Gale Johnston, chairman of the combined drive of the Community Fund and the Citizens' Relief, states that more than 200,000 will need help this winter, if they are to survive. These figures are considered in many quarters to be conservative to a fault; which is not unlikely, having their origin in the Chamber of Commerce." The president of the St. Louis Building Trades Council declared that from 60 to 65 per cent of the council members were out of work [last November]; "many have not worked in eighteen months." "These have lost their homes, mortgaged their furniture, which they are losing, and are rapidly being reduced to the level of paupers." The estimated amount to be collected for relief was declared to be about $5,000,000. "This amount, if raised," according to the director of the Community Chest, "will be totally inadequate to afford proper relief."

What of New York, whose governor did not even make a report to Senator Bingham? "At least 800,000 persons are out of employment [in New York City in January]." "At least 107,000 additional [to the 180,000 families cared for by emergency relief] are in immediate, and in many cases desperate, need of help." These figures are from the report of a group of welfare leaders, protesting a proposed cut in the municipal relief appropriations. What of Kentucky, whose governor also did not reply? The following report comes from an eyewitness in Pineville: "Four of the county nurses and the sanitary engineer told me of the prevalence of pellagra, flux, and influenza, caused, they explained, by two things—malnutrition and ignorance." A visit to a soup kitchen in the same district revealed the following: "The day I was there 157 school children were fed at this soup kitchen. Their meal was a plate of boiled potatoes, boiled beans, and a piece of cornbread on top. They get one meal a day and that is all."

It is unnecessary to go on. Statistics on malnutrition among school children appear too often in the newspapers, as do statistics on the inadequacy of relief in locality after locality. City hospitals report too often the prevalence of diseases due to an excess starch diet—the bread and coffee or the bread and soup of public charity. Starvation is a slow process; death by it is also death by disease due to lack of resistance in an undernourished body; pellagra, for example, so common in the mining communities, is directly caused by underfeeding. Families of four persons and upwards, the recipients of from $3 to—rarely—$10 a week from public relief, do not starve all at once. They live for many months on a diet of beans and bread; when the charity gives out they do without the beans and beg the bread. This is not starvation. But it is so painfully close to it that reports from State executives to the effect that there "is no actual starvation" are hypocritical to the point of cruelty. The impression given by the large majority of gubernatorial telegrams was that relief was sufficient to cover the need. This, according to testimony from countless responsible sources, is plainly false.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cutting Off Our Nose

PUT in plain English, the proposal for an embargo on imports from Russia is a plan for speeding up unemployment in the United States. It would be notice to a good customer that we no longer would permit it to pay for our merchandise in the only coin which international trade knows, and thus that we did not want it to buy any more American products. Last year, through needless interference, we succeeded in reducing the flow of Russian goods into this country to two-thirds—in value—of what it was in 1930, and in consequence our sales to Russia fell off by more than half. Hugh L. Cooper, president of the American-Russian Chamber of Commerce, numbering among its members many of the largest manufacturers in this country, estimates that the loss of orders which could have been obtained in 1931 if trade had not been interfered with deprived 100,000 persons in the United States of work. Not content with that mischief, a group of Senators and Representatives, aided by various "patriotic" societies and a few unimportant regional commercial interests, are advocating legislation which would prohibit Russian imports entirely and—by stopping sales also—throw thousands more of our people out of work and into the bread lines.

Our loss of sales to Russia last year was unnecessary and not due in any considerable degree to the general industrial depression. Russia continued to be hungry for merchandise and able to pay for it. From the post-war resumption of trade in 1923 to 1930, inclusive—or for more than a year after the Wall Street crash—our exports to Russia increased progressively. Indeed, they reached their peak in 1930, when Russia became our sixth best customer and we sold more to it than did any other nation in the world. Then, under a clause in the new tariff act directing the exclusion of imports made by "forced labor" or constituting "dumping," an agitation arose against Russian imports. An anti-dumping ruling was issued by the Treasury Department against imports of manganese from Russia, and our customs officials began to hold up shipments of other goods from the Soviet Union on the ground that they were produced by "forced labor." Representations were made in Washington which led the Treasury Department to withdraw its anti-dumping ruling against manganese, and charges of "forced labor" uniformly have fallen down, yet cargoes have been subjected, and still are subject, to long delays and extra expense, leading American importers to turn elsewhere for their goods.

The general charge of "forced labor" against Russian products is political propaganda and has not stood the test of our official investigations. As James D. Mooney, vice-president of the General Motors Corporation, recently said: "As traders, the complexion of Russia's political system, or system of government, should interest us no more than such complexions in any other of the many countries in which we do business." The irony of the situation is that our commerce with Russia is exceptionally advantageous to us. For the past six years our exports to Russia have averaged about four times our imports from it, and the latter are largely of produce not competing with domestic industry, such as manganese ore, undressed furs, sausage casings, pulpwood, and lumber. This country produces only 10 per cent of the manganese which the steel trade requires and that fraction is protected by a tariff. We are largely dependent upon Canada for pulpwood and lumber and need to conserve such timber as we have left. To hear some persons declaim against the menace of Russian imports one would suppose that they amounted to a flood. In fact they constitute only about 1 per cent of our purchases from abroad.

Some persons have imagined that we might continue to sell to Russia while refusing to buy from it, that Russia might sell to other countries and they in turn deliver goods to us. Such triangular trade has not developed, partly because of natural Russian resentment and partly because of international currency troubles. Instead, the Russians have been taking American manufactured articles to European factories and getting duplicates made. Germany increased its exports to Russia in 1931 by almost 100 per cent.

Not only are we cutting off our nose to spite our face in destroying existing trade with Russia to gratify political animosity, but we are closing the door to a great opportunity in the future. With 160,000,000 inhabitants and a vast area, Russia is just beginning to modernize its way of living. In 1928 the average imports and exports of thirty leading trading nations amounted to $62.50 a person. In Russia the amount was $3 a person. Economists make the reasonable prediction that in the near future this sum will rise to at least $25. But the United States will not share in this rich commerce unless common sense displaces prejudice in our attitude toward the Soviet Union.

A Brave Editor

WE have reserved a special place on our Honor Roll for 1932 for Walter L. Sanborn of the *North Penn Reporter* of Lansdale, Pennsylvania, about twenty-five miles from Philadelphia, for a most notable piece of patriotic service in bringing about the conviction of an assistant district attorney, a county detective, and a township police chief for administering the third degree to a man arrested on suspicion of committing a crime. Yes, this editor was actually stirred and roused to action despite the fact that the victim was a Negro, a person of no influence, who could not control an advertisement and perhaps not even a subscriber. Mr. Sanborn was, moreover, not to be deterred by threats against himself, by political pressure, or by the charge of the District Attorney that the editor's actions were due solely to politics and a conspiracy to throw mud at the District Attorney during the heat of a campaign. In the phraseology of the street, "he bucked the gang, kept his nerve, and got away with it."

On May 9, 1931, an attempt was made to blow up a Negro's home in Fort Washington. On the purest suspicion William G. Campbell was arrested and charged with the crime. A few days later he was taken to the barracks of the Pennsylvania State Police in Jeffersonville for "questioning," being accompanied by Ralph L. Rinalducci, an assistant district attorney; Joseph Trunk, one of the District Attorney's detectives; and Brooks Cassidy, chief of police of Upper Dublin township. Campbell's "questioning" took the form of beating him on the shins and then across the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

kidneys with a blackjack, and of hanging him to the rafters by the overalls. When the victim lost consciousness he was cut down, further abused, and finally returned to the borough lockup in Norristown because the officers did not wish to return him to the jail in his battered condition. After several days in misery there he was released, his case then being reported to a judge by his physician. The judge took the matter up with the District Attorney himself, one Frank X. Renninger, who made the usual whitewashing investigation and reported that there was nothing whatever to Campbell's story.

On June 11 the news reached Mr. Sanborn. He saw his duty at once and on June 12 the story appeared. The report of the case Mr. Sanborn followed up with an editorial demanding the prosecution of the officials involved. In this position he was joined by E. S. Moser, the veteran editor of the Collegeville *Independent,* who "denounced the perpetrators of the outrage on Campbell in vigorous terms." At once the endangered officers further abused their official authority in the hope of terrifying their critics into silence. William Campbell was rearrested on July 8, although there was no new evidence of any kind whatsoever. He was again held in jail nearly three weeks, being finally released on $2,500 bail on July 28. Three days later the authorities moved on warrants sworn out by Campbell. Messrs. Rinalducci, Trunk, and Cassidy were held in the same bail in the same court as their victim. Fortunately, the Attorney General appointed a special deputy attorney general to try the case for the commonwealth and gave him as his assistant Dennis A. O'Neill, the attorney for the Negro. The officials were indicted on September 8, and tried four days later before a jury which the judge, J. Ambler Williams, ordered the court officers to keep in the custody of the court day and night until the case was finished, a procedure only used in capital cases. The trial lasted ten days, until a verdict of guilty was brought in on September 30. There were the usual delays and efforts to obtain a new trial, so that it was not until March 4 last that sentences were imposed. Rinalducci, if the highest court of the State should not reverse the verdict, will serve not less than eighteen months nor more than three years in the penitentiary, Joseph Trunk will spend not less than one year nor more than three in the same prison, and the guilty chief of police, Brooks Cassidy, will spend six months in the Montgomery County prison.

This is really an extraordinary achievement when one recalls the baleful influence of the political machine in Pennsylvania. We wish that this case might be broadcast over every radio in the United States. Every newspaper in the country ought to publish it—as has been most admirably done by *Editor and Publisher*—in order that the profession might get the fullest possible benefit from Walter L. Sanborn's courage, professional honor, and true Americanism. Throughout Mr. Sanborn made it clear that the prosecution was not a persecution and that it had nothing personal in it, but was merely a public protest against the third degree and an honest effort to purge the community in which he lives of the shame of this official crime. We wish that there might be painted over the doors of every police station in America these words of Mr. Sanborn's: "The idea of clubbing and choking accused persons into confessions is nauseating, repugnant to our judicial system and to the American spirit of fair play."

George Eastman

GEORGE EASTMAN'S death by his own hand was particularly startling because it came so close upon the heels of the Kreuger suicide, but only a very dogmatic moralist would presume to judge his deed. Mr. Eastman was a bachelor, he was growing old, and he was also ill. There was something robust about his last words—"My work is done. Why wait?"—and most ethical systems except the Christian would recognize his right to end a life which had been useful enough as lives go. His vast fortune was acquired by means which appear to have been rather less dubious than those responsible for most fortunes of equal size, and somehow or other he managed also to give the impression that there was, behind his large benefactions, a genuine warmth.

The newspapers have paid full tribute to his benefactions and have also pointed out the ironical fact that, despite his particular concern with musical education, he was himself conspicuously unmusical and interested himself in music largely because it had come to symbolize for him the things which he had missed in his hard-working youth. In one respect, however, the obituaries in the daily press gave a totally false impression. They spoke of his inventions, of his part in the development of the science of photography, and, in one or two instances, implied that he had played a major part in making modern photography possible. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Eastman was a popularizer who did little more than "sell" the sport of random snapshooting to a vast and miscellaneous public. Far from belonging in the line of the great innovators in photography from Niepce and Daguerre to Rudolph and Hartmann, he made no fundamental contribution, and one may even venture to say that still photography as practiced by the professional and serious amateur would not be very different today even though the trade name "Kodak" had never been popularized. Eastman got his start by realizing the convenience of a daylight loading film, but even this had been used some eighteen years before the first Kodaks were put on the market. It did happen, however, that the popularity of the film suggested to experimenters the possibility of its use in cinematography and that thus, by accident, Mr. Eastman was able to acquire a second fortune from moving-picture film.

In more recent years the Eastman research laboratories have done useful work in standardizing various processes, but Mr. Eastman's great idea was strictly a "merchandising" idea and he really belongs with the Fords, the Woolworths, and the Gillettes rather than with either scientists or inventors properly so called. The slogan "You push the button—we do the rest" was perhaps the most significant invention he made, because it sums up the idea which he had to sell—the idea of cheap, easy photography for people who have little idea of what they are doing and no desire to take the least trouble about doing it. The serious amateur points out that of the millions of snapshots made yearly not one in ten is good enough to be worth making. But the Eastman School of Music, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and various other institutions are probably ready to pay their tribute to the great American discovery that in merchandising it is quantity first of all which counts.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shall We Devaluate the Dollar?*

By HENRY HAZLITT

EVER since the violent collapse of agricultural and raw-material prices began in 1929, it has been evident to every informed person that we must choose one of two ways out of the present economic crisis—inflation or deflation. Both terms are loosely used to cover a wide range of meanings, so perhaps it would be wise if I said just what I mean by them in the present instance. By deflation I mean the bringing down of other elements in the price structure—including rents, wages, interest charges, and taxes—to conform with the collapse in raw-material prices. By inflation I mean the return of raw-material and wholesale prices to their former levels. The one thing that cannot continue is the existing disparities within the price structure. If wages and prices of finished goods stay up, and raw-material prices stay down, then raw-material producers cannot, as a whole, continue to operate. Labor in the raw-material industries will continue to be unemployed, and neither the former workers nor the former managers and capitalists in those industries will be able to buy the output of manufacturers; these in turn will lay off workers, which will still further cut down the purchasing power for finished goods, which will still further cut down the purchasing power for raw materials—and so on around the vicious circle. This describes the prolonged and increasing stagnation of business that we have got ourselves into. The deadlock can be broken only by establishing a new equilibrium throughout the price structure—an equilibrium that would once more make possible the free movement of goods and the full employment of labor.

Such an equilibrium, as I have said, can be restored either by a recovery of wholesale prices or by a decline in the other elements in the price structure. In the first year of the crisis most of our statesmen, bankers, and business men sat around hoping for the first, and many of them are still hoping. Mr. Hoover's official policy for a year and a half was merely one of watchful hoping. Perhaps this describes it too negatively: it was really a policy of Couéism, of declaring at regular intervals that things were getting better when they were obviously getting worse and worse. But though everyone has been hoping for a reversal of the wholesale-price movement, not a single step of real importance has been taken to bring it about. The result is that the movement has continued, so that the Bradstreet index number on March 1 last, for example, showed the lowest level of wholesale commodity prices since 1899.

Now while the official policy has been one of Couéism or Micawberism, what has actually been taking place, under the pressure of events, has been a long-drawn-out and disorganized deflation. The rest of the price structure has begun to come down to meet wholesale prices.

Do we want this process to continue? If we do, we must frankly face the fact that it is destined to go much further than it has, and we must not shut our eyes to what a policy of deflation actually means. Instead of considering it in general terms, let us look at its effect at one or two points. We may begin with labor, and, more specifically, with railway labor. The railway labor unions, showing a remarkable spirit of accommodation, have accepted a wage reduction of 10 per cent, ostensibly effective for only one year. Does anyone really believe that the wage reduction will be restored when the year is up? Does he even believe that the unions will not be asked to take a further cut? Let him look at the railway earnings for January. Net operating income shows a reduction of 66 per cent compared with January, 1931, and of 85 per cent compared with January, 1929. It is no longer a question of paying dividends; dividends on the principal railroads have already been cut to a fraction of their former figure or omitted altogether. It is no longer, for scores of railroads, even a question of meeting bond interest and keeping out of receivership. It is a question of getting in enough money to continue to pay wages and buy supplies, to continue to keep the roads going. Unless this situation changes very promptly and materially for the better—and it is extremely unlikely to improve *enough*—railway labor will have to accept another reduction. And skilled railway labor is the most strongly organized part of American labor. What is likely to happen to labor that is less well organized?

So far we have dealt with the crisis, not merely with vague hopefulness, but with wilful blindness. We have either implicitly or openly favored the policy of deflation at the same time that we have piously asserted that there must be no reduction of money wages. In short, we have preferred either to ignore or deny the mathematical connection between wages and prices. Let us consider that connection for a moment. Suppose we assume that for a dollar's worth of some typical commodity in 1929, 20 cents was paid out for raw materials, 45 cents for labor, 15 cents for rent and other overhead expenses, and that the remaining 20 cents represented net profit—that is to say, partly interest on investment and partly the "wages of management." Suppose that the price of that commodity has since fallen 50 per cent. (The actual *average* decline of wholesale prices in that period, on Bradstreet's index number, has been 42 per cent.) What must happen, if that commodity is still to be produced? Let us begin by taking the typically evasive attitude, and say that wages must remain inviolate, and that the reductions in expenses must be made elsewhere. Assume that all other expenses are cut in half—that the raw material is cut to 10 cents, rent and overhead to 7½ cents, profit to 10 cents. This, with wages at 45 cents, still gives us 72½ cents. If we wipe out profit altogether we still have production costs of 62½ cents for an article selling at 50 cents. If we make only a 10 per cent cut in wages (with all other expenses cut in half and profit wiped out entirely) we have only brought down the cost to 58 cents, with 8 cents still to come out somewhere.

What would be the reply of those who would continue to deny the necessity of cutting wages under this deflation policy? They might say that the wage cut could be avoided

* The second, and concluding, part of this article will appear next week. —Editor The Nation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by greater efficiency in production. Possibly it could. But what does greater efficiency mean? It means saving labor. And what does saving labor mean? It means laying off men; it means what is euphemistically known as "technological unemployment." Thus if our hypothetical product could be produced with half the former labor force—that is, if each man could be got to turn out twice as many articles as before—there would be no need for a wage cut. All that would happen would be that half the labor force would be thrown out of work, and that they could have the pleasure of starving until, after a few years, the survivors might be lucky enough to be "reabsorbed." Another possible reply is that wages need not be cut as much as other items. Thus, returning to our hypothetical commodity, we might cut raw material by 50 per cent, rent and overhead by 66⅔ per cent, profit by 75 per cent, and wages by only 33⅓ per cent. This would give us our price of 50 cents made up in the following manner: raw material 10 cents, wages 30 cents, rent and overhead 5 cents, profit 5 cents. If this could be achieved, it would mean that labor, as a result of depression, would receive an increase in purchasing power, or real wages, of 33⅓ per cent. But while such an outcome is theoretically possible from the standpoint of the pure mathematics involved, practically it is in the highest degree improbable.

And what about the money wage cut even then necessary, of 33⅓ per cent? How many of the deflationists would have the courage to advocate it? And how, in actual practice, would it be brought about? There is only one answer: it could be brought about solely with the weapon of continued unemployment, continued starvation and misery. And no one can suppose that the wage cuts would occur evenly. The least well-organized labor, the weakest and most exploited labor, the labor already at the lowest economic level, would be forced to give way most. (Those deflationists who find this conclusion unpalatable will doubtless argue that it would not be to industry's *interest* to cut wages, as this would cut purchasing power. There is not space here to analyze the numerous "purchasing power" fallacies rampant in the last few years, but not the least important of them lies in the failure to distinguish purchasing power in terms of *money* from purchasing power in terms of *goods*. If the general price level falls 50 per cent, for example, then a 50 per cent fall in money wages does not reduce labor's ability to buy goods but leaves it just where it was.)

I have concentrated on the labor side of the equation, but the results of the deflation policy would be nearly as bad from the standpoint of any other economic class. We may take the farmers, as one example. Prices of agricultural products have dropped more in the last few years than those of any other group of commodities. In the index of the United States Bureau of Labor they stood in the week of March 5 at 50.9 per cent of their 1926 level, compared with an average for all commodities of 66.2 per cent. With expenses that have come down very little, it should not be difficult to imagine what this means. But suppose that the farmer could miraculously squeeze the cost of employed labor and other production expenses, as well as his own cost of living, down by the same amount as the drop in prices of farm products. What then? He probably has a first mortgage on his farm equal to about one-half that farm's value in 1929. If so, the amount of the first mortgage now probably covers the full value of the farm. Such a situation threatens to reduce most farmers to a state of peonage; at best they will become mere tenants.

Who does stand to gain by the policy of deflation? The capitalists? But what capitalists? Not the direct owners of business, not the stockholders. It is merely necessary to point to the collapse of the average price of fifty representative stocks, on the New York *Times* index, to one-fifth of their former value—from 312 in 1929 to 65 this year—to show what has happened to stockholders. Even if we hold that the prices of stocks at the peak in 1929 were absurd, even in terms of 1929 profits, the relative loss of the stockholder remains a great one. Assuming that commodity prices remain at half their former levels, then, even if wages and other costs can finally be forced down by an equal amount, the stockholder will not get half his former income where any bonded indebtedness is involved. In the case of the railroads, bonded indebtedness is approximately equal to stock capitalization. In any company in which this situation exists our stockholder would probably have his interest wiped out. Is it, then, the bondholder who stands to gain by deflation? Here again we must ask, which bondholder? At the time of writing, the average price of forty representative domestic bonds, as compiled by the New York *Times,* is about 66. The decline in the price of these bonds from parity, in other words, just about offsets the last two years' decline in wholesale prices. And it must be remembered that these forty selected bonds are, in general, among the strongest and best-protected bonds, and that the average decline of all bonds has been much more severe. It may be said that the bondholder will lose this depreciation only if he is compelled to sell now, and that if he holds his bonds till maturity, this depreciation will not have to be taken. But this overlooks the fact that if the financial community were confident of this result, the bonds would not be selling at anything approaching such a depreciation. Is it, then, the wicked banks that stand to gain by deflation? Not the 2,300 banks that failed last year. Not, surely, the savings banks, whose solvency is threatened by the unparalleled decline in the market value of bonds. Not the commercial banks, to the extent that they too are direct owners of bonds, which they are to a far larger extent than is generally realized. Not to the extent that they are holders of mortgages in default, especially where the property cannot be sold for the face value of the mortgage. Not to the extent that they hold loans secured by commodity collateral, where the market price of the commodity has fallen sufficiently to wipe out the bank's margin of protection. Not to the extent that they hold general "line-of-credit" loans in companies whose business is now stagnant. For stagnant business means both that the banks' old loans are insecure and that they cannot make new loans.

The sole group that clearly stands to gain by the policy of deflation seems to be the holders of "gilt-edged" bonds. Possibly, in spite of the present testimony of the market, the percentage of ultimate default on bonds will not be extraordinarily high. But the group that stands to gain by deflation will still be extremely small, certainly not more than 10 per cent of the rest of us who stand to lose. And the group that gains must do so at the *expense* of all the rest of us. In the second half of this article, we shall examine what the probable effect would be if, while still adhering to the gold basis, we should devaluate the dollar.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Panic in the Steel Towns*

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Pittsburgh, March 16

ARTURO AVANTI, which is not his real name, lives in a shack on a dreary, dirty, all-but-forgotten alley in Hays Station, Pennsylvania. We went to see Avanti, among others, to learn what the steel companies are doing for their employees in these difficult times. It is the proud boast of the companies that none of their workers are suffering; all the men still on the pay roll, though there is no work for them to do, are being helped. One company is said to be paying out $3 a week to its "furloughed" laborers; another is giving $2.10 a week, with special allowances in cases where families are large; a third is "making work" in its mills so that the workers can draw one or two days' pay a week. But the companies will not discuss this welfare work for publication; they will not say how much they are spending, or give out details of any kind. Hence it was necessary to go to the workers themselves to find out just what this company relief amounts to.

Avanti has a wife and five small children, and another baby is "on the way." He has worked for the Carnegie Steel Company, a subsidiary of the United States Steel Corporation, since 1919. Throughout 1931, however, he had only one to four days' work every month. Now he must go to the mill every morning, and sometimes in the afternoon and evening, too, to be sure of getting one day's work in seven. When he is chosen, which is none too often, he gets paid $3.60 for eight hours of hard labor. The condition of his home and his children testified most convincingly to the inadequacy of this wage. But the company has been helping. Since Christmas it has provided the Avanti family with exactly $7 worth of groceries, and nothing else. In January, with wages going down and the number of available jobs decreasing, the Homestead Steel Works Employees Insurance and Safety Association increased its monthly dues from $1 to $1.25. Avanti could not meet the increase. Last week he received a notice, signed by C. E. Crum, secretary-treasurer, which said:

> Premiums on your insurance with this association for months of February and March remain unpaid and cannot longer be carried by the association. You will, therefore, arrange to make payment of these premiums at insurance office on or before March 10; otherwise insurance will be canceled without further notice.

Avanti did not have the money—he has not even enough for milk for the babies—and his name was struck from the rolls. Thus does one steel company help its employees.

John Dravos, a Slovak, lives with his family of eight in the slums of the Greenfield section, which lie in the shadow of Schenley Park and almost within calling distance of the homes of Pittsburgh's richest citizens. Dravos has worked for Jones and Laughlin, independent steel manufacturers, since 1902. Most of last year he worked regularly one day every fortnight, but with the South Side mills of the company closed down he now "catches four days every pay," which gives him $14.88 every other Saturday night. On this $7.44 a week he must keep his wife and six children. The younger children are under weight, and sickly yellow spots on their faces bear out the story of months of scanty and improper feeding. The Welfare Fund of Allegheny County will not help John Dravos, for he still has work. When he goes to the welfare bureau of the company, the nurse in charge laughs in his face. She tells him that he ought to be able to get along on $5 a week—$5 for eight hungry people, to say nothing of rent, gas, and light bills unpaid, of the insurance that is about to be forfeited, and of the coal bin that is empty. We ask Dravos how he feels about his predicament, why he does not insist on better treatment. But what can he do? Dravos merely shrugs his shoulders.

Wealthy Pittsburgh was little impressed by the riot at the Ford plant in Dearborn, Michigan. Wealthy Pittsburgh has faith in its own working people. This, no doubt, explains why the middle class, the salaried workers, the small home-owners are now being asked to bear the major share of the cost of unemployment relief. Last fall Pittsburgh and the other steel towns of Allegheny County were called upon to contribute to the Welfare Fund. A total of $6,000,000 was sought, though social workers said a minimum of $15,000,000 was needed. The Mellons gave $340,000, and the Mellon-controlled interests another $100,000. The Westinghouse Company gave $150,000 for itself, and $50,000 for its employees. The Philadelphia Company, the local utilities monopoly, gave $125,000; United States Steel contributed $100,000 out of its surplus, which then stood at $400,000,000; the telephone company gave $15,000, and a few other corporations contributed in similar proportion. Large individual donations were rare. The conservative *Post-Gazette*, always friendly to the corporate interests of Pittsburgh, did not hesitate to stress the fact that small contributions from salaried workers and wage-earners far exceeded the personal gifts of the wealthier residents. The campaign committee tried to frighten these people into giving more. By means of photographed copies of sensational but imaginary newspaper headlines the committee attempted to forecast what would happen were the campaign to fail. The *Post-Gazette's* imaginary headline read: "Crime Wave Grips Pittsburgh: Appalling Poverty Cited as Cause of Lawlessness." The banner-line of the *Press* proclaimed: "Mobs Plunder Downtown Section: Hungry Crowds Fight for Food as Relief Fails." The eight-column ribbon of the *Sun-Telegraph* screamed: "Disease Spreads to Suburbs: Hundreds Die as Plague Enters New Area." All to no avail; Pittsburgh's faith remained unshaken. The close of the campaign had to be postponed several times, and then the full amount was not finally subscribed until the city appropriated $500,000 to complete the fund.

But not all of the pledged $6,000,000 has been collected. And today Pittsburgh is facing a relief crisis, the various public and private funds being exhausted. Numerous schemes have been devised to meet the emergency. There is no longer

* The third of a series of articles by Mr. Hallgren on unemployment in various parts of the country.—EDITOR THE NATION.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

talk of appealing, as did Governor Pinchot last fall, to the men in Pennsylvania "whose share of the general wealth is so great that each of them, out of his private fortune, alone and by himself, could carry the State's whole burden of feeding, housing, and clothing the unemployed." Now it is up to others to take over "this Christian duty toward the poor." State Senator Frank L. Harris—who, incidentally, is running for reelection and therefore not averse to publicity—has worked out a plan to care for the 24,000 needy families on the rolls of the Allegheny County Emergency Association. He would have 24,000 members of the community, euphemistically called "those who are still comfortably well-to-do," give $100 each toward the maintenance of these families. It may be noted that he is not asking 100 individuals to give $24,000 each. The $100 donation in each case is supposed to keep another family for three months, which works out at a rate of less than $8 a week. The Charity Organization Society of New York estimates that a family of five must have at least $25 a week to keep above the poverty level; to fall below that endangers the health of the children and the morale of the parents. The Public Health Nursing Service has found that with the most painstaking economy in buying and cooking no Pittsburgh family can get along on less than $6 a week for food alone; and that does not take into account such necessities as medical attention, fuel, light, clothing, and shelter.

While Senator Harris is out persuading the white-collar workers to take over the burden the wealthy have dodged, the business men are campaigning for a $5,000,000 bond issue, which will increase the already tremendous tax load of the small property-owners. The City Council has approved a proposal to submit the bond issue to the voters on April 26—one wonders if Pittsburgh can hold out that long—and the County Commissioners are considering a plan for an additional $10,000,000 bond issue. The local financial editors told me they doubted very much that any of these bonds could ever be marketed, while the bankers said they were reserving their decision, though they felt sure the city and county could never repay the projected obligations. A huge proportion of the annual tax bill cannot now be collected. Nevertheless, the business men, who were so strongly opposed to the Costigan-La Follette bill because of their fear that it would boost the federal income tax still further and thus pass on to the owners of Pittsburgh industry who live in New York and elsewhere their proper share of the relief burden, are shouting themselves hoarse in their defense of the bond issues. One of these men is Frank R. Phillips, member of the board of the Welfare Fund, chairman of the Allegheny County Emergency Association, member of President Hoover's Committee on Unemployment Relief, and president of the Philadelphia Company, the local utilities monopoly. He is the boss of unemployment relief in Pittsburgh, so far as the chaotic relief work here can be said to have a boss. A few weeks ago he was assuring Senator David Reed that there was no necessity for passing the Costigan-La Follette bill because Pittsburgh was taking care of its own. The other day he appeared before the City Council to urge approval of the municipal bond issue. "When these thousands of unemployed men and women come to us for work and for bread," he asked, "to whom shall we send them?" Not to Washington, of course, but to the local taxpayers. It is not entirely without significance that the real-estate holdings of Mr. Phillips's and other utilities companies are by law exempt from taxation in Pennsylvania.

Hard as it is to criticize any of the relief efforts here, so pitifully meager are they all, one must still question the wisdom of having relief administered by the local politicians. How far can one rely upon a city government whose chief executive spends from the public funds $122 each for custom-made tires for his $6,500 automobile, and fabulous sums for imported Oriental rugs? Or upon a County Board of Poor Directors, which is an official charity organization for the many steel-and-coal towns in Allegheny County outside of Pittsburgh, when that board refuses to give an accounting of its expenditures? An investigation was forced upon the Poor Directors a few months ago. Numerous interesting items were revealed. For example, of the $1,800,000 in revenue they collected a year ago, more than 15 per cent went for salaries and "other help." Ten thousand dollars was paid out in architects' fees for plans for a hospital that will never, and under the law can never, be built. Another $70,000 was spent on a pig pen at the county poor-farm in Woodville. This piggery was the last word in luxury. It was built of bricks of a quality much better than that of bricks ordinarily used in the construction of workers' homes in the steel towns. And to make sure that they were getting really good bricks the Poor Directors paid $80 a thousand for them, although anyone else could buy the same bricks in Pittsburgh for $16 a thousand.

Pittsburgh's relief problem is undeniably titanic in scope, but it is not being met in anything like efficient fashion. There is not here that centralized administration and control, that clear-cut and smoothly working program I found in Philadelphia. Instead, Pittsburgh's unemployed are at the mercy of a multitude of agencies. These include the Emergency Association, the Family Welfare organizations, the Poor Board, the Mothers' Assistance, the Red Cross, the Catholic Charities, and numerous minor organizations. Because virtually all the charity cases are recorded with a clearing-house organization, there is doubtless little duplication in the actual distribution of relief, whether it be grocery orders, clothing, fuel, or "made" work. But there is without question considerable duplication of overhead and similar charges.

Relief expenditures in Allegheny County in January were estimated at $573,000, which was 187 per cent higher than in January a year ago. It is believed that by next January, if the money is available, the expenditure will have increased in about the same proportion. This month 36,750 families are being cared for by the reporting agencies. By December it is expected that this total will have grown to 57,000. With no additional relief funds definitely in sight it is small wonder that panic is sweeping the steel towns.

Distressing as are the conditions in Pittsburgh and Allegheny County they are immeasurably worse in the other steel towns up and down the Monongahela and Allegheny rivers, in Cambria County, and over in Ohio in the Youngstown area. In the coal towns the situation cannot even be described. When I was here last summer I thought I was observing living conditions that taxed human endurance to the utmost. But today I find miners living in abandoned beehive coke-ovens in Fayette and Westmoreland counties, getting along somehow even without the bread and white beans they had a few months ago. The American Friends'

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Service Committee is caring for some of the undernourished children in Cambria, Fayette, Clearfield, and Westmoreland counties, but it has not the money to extend aid to anyone else. Red Cross workers are active in a few places, but they also are hampered by lack of funds and by the absence of a definite relief policy on the part of the national organization. The Miners' Relief Fund of the Socialist Party until recently kept a certain amount of food flowing into the mining communities, or at least into those towns where conditions are worst, but its resources are being rapidly exhausted, and it is feared that no more shipments can be sent out from the Pittsburgh headquarters. In Fayette County, where coal and coke operations have been paralyzed by the shutdown of the steel mills, social workers a while back were allotting 27 cents per person for food every week. But the miners and coke workers are not getting even that from regular relief sources now.

Political stupidity and dishonesty and the opposition of the steel companies are hampering relief work throughout the steel country. In only a few of the towns in this area, several of which I visited, is relief work on an organized or efficient basis. A State official who for months has been hard at the task of persuading these communities to set up centralized relief organizations told me she was frankly discouraged by the opposition she was meeting. Splendid committees were got on to paper in some places, but owing to the interference of chambers of commerce, business men generally, or the local politicians, such paper committees have never been made to function. In some places, as I found myself, where a central body had been erected it was immediately captured by a local statesman with a political ax to grind or by an official of the local steel company. Thus in Donora a steel man headed the relief committee, while in Monessen the Republican postmaster, as chairman of the charity committee of the Chamber of Commerce, which administers all relief in Monessen, was to all practical purposes the relief boss of that community. At Sharon relief funds were tied up by the courts because of a political wrangle between the Poor Board and the County Commissioners.

The steel companies are quite obviously seeking to control relief in order to prevent widespread publicity as to the actual needs and to protect themselves against higher taxes. To achieve this end they not only place their men on the local relief committees, but constantly emphasize that they are looking out for their own unemployed. How adequate company relief is I have already suggested; $2 to $6 a week is by no means sufficient to meet the needs of the jobless workers. Unfortunately, workers known to be recipients of company relief get no help whatever from other agencies. In addition, widespread discrimination is practiced. At Farrell, where there is located a plant of the American Sheet and Tinplate Company, a United States Steel subsidiary, the company is providing some basket relief for its "furloughed" employees, this being eked out to a very meager extent by the Community Fund (run by a United States Steel official) and the County Poor Director. Here there is open discrimination against the Negroes and foreign-born who make up the bulk of the population. Favoritism, if it may be called that, also takes another form at Farrell. The older employees, those enjoying priority rights and higher wages, and approaching the time when they would be eligible for pensions, have almost without exception been discharged and ousted from the company houses. Their places have been taken by younger men, recently recruited, who have no lien on the pension fund, and who will work for much smaller wages, and these are permitted to remain in the company houses against the day when operations will be resumed. In many other sections of the steel country there is similar discrimination. Particularly does it hit radical agitators, union organizers, men blacklisted for having taken part in strikes in the past, and even workers who merely complain of the scantiness of the relief they are getting. In one town applicants for relief are herded like cattle into the relief stations and kept waiting there for hours, the women in charge barking questions at them until many of them become discouraged and leave. In another town the superintendent of the mill, who also has charge of relief, harangues the applicants in a sneering tone, accusing them of being too lazy to work.

Another weapon much favored in the steel area is the threat of deportation. The records of the workers, the great majority of whom were born abroad, have been closely examined by immigration authorities. The known radicals are, of course, immediately jailed. Thus the threat of deportation hangs over the heads of the other workers who might in any way cause trouble. Not all those who could be deported are sent away, but merely enough from each community to show that the government and steel corporations mean business. At the moment five men are in the county jail here awaiting deportation. The other jobless know they are there, and that suffices as a warning to them that they must not complain.

One could describe the methods of relief in any one of the dozens of towns in the steel country to illustrate the way in which such communities are handling the problem. In Youngstown, for example, a fund of $300,000 was raised by a special tax levy, but there has been considerable question as to how and for what purposes this fund is being administered. Each destitute family is supposed to be getting help to the amount of $1.50 per week. Investigators, however, have discovered many families of four and five members getting no more than $1 a week. In Johnstown, which is in Cambria County, where eighty-seven banks have failed, only the Mellon banks surviving, 19,000 coal and steel workers are on the dole. Every married couple gets $3 a week, and 50 cents extra for each child. The dole is distributed by numerous agencies—the Family Welfare Society, the Salvation Army, the Red Cross, and others. Johnstown is the home of the Bethlehem Steel Works, and from 75 to 90 per cent of the relief goes to former Bethlehem workers. But the Bethlehem Company has contributed only $25,000 toward relief, while I could find no evidence that the head of the firm, Charles Schwab of million-dollar-bonus fame, who has a home in the county, has at any time, either in the present crisis or previously, given as much as a cent to the county's charities.

At Monessen in Westmoreland County, a town of 20,000 population, the maximum of relief given any family is $10 a month, which is provided in the form of grocery orders. However, some coal that local companies donate and occasionally cast-off clothing gathered by the various relief agencies are given to the unemployed. Other families get only $5 worth of food a month. The grocery orders are redeemable only at the municipal commissary, where prices are about the same as those in the chain stores. More than

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

400 families are now on the dole in Monessen, and this is costing about $1,500 a month. Last fall a community fund of $10,000 was raised, but not all of this was meant for unemployment relief. This fund has been exhausted and an emergency drive is now in progress to raise an additional $6,000. In previous campaigns the mill workers contributed generously, but today they cannot even be asked, and so the load falls for the most part on the shopkeepers and property-owners. The American Sheet and Tinplate Company (United States Steel) gave nothing to the Community Chest; Pittsburgh Steel, an independent concern, gave $1,500 and 100 tons of coal; Page Steel, another independent, gave $500. The utilities companies, which have been milking this area for years through their high rates, between them gave $600. It is considered impossible in Monessen to raise additional funds through taxation.

Up the Monongahela River, at Donora, which is in Washington County, a very similar situation was found. Donora has a population of 13,900. Its principal plant is that of the American Steel and Wire Company (again a United States Steel subsidiary), which normally employs 4,500 men. Today 277 men are at work regularly; another 2,500 are drawing relief from the company in the form of "made" work, which pays them $3.50 a week. The other 2,000 seem to have passed out of the picture. The company spent $2,000 last month and is spending $4,000 this month on its private relief program. Apart from these workers 182 families in Donora are on a charity basis, drawing grocery orders from the local relief headquarters every week or ten days. In Donora the families are usually large, one of those on the dole having seventeen children, another fifteen. Mrs. Vernon, in charge of relief headquarters, said that the amount of the grocery orders was not fixed. However, all relief being dispensed through her central office averages in value $1,350 monthly, this including food, milk, coal, shoes, and some clothing, so that the average expenditure per family is about $7.42 a month, "just enough," in Mrs. Vernon's words, "to keep them from starving." In October Donora raised a $7,000 relief fund, which will be exhausted at the end of this month. The local banks gave $100 each to this fund; the telephone company gave nothing; the West Penn Power and the Tri-Cities Water companies gave $100 each. Incidentally, the Tri-Cities Company has to date shut off the water in about 100 homes, thus creating a serious health and sanitation problem.

Mrs. Vernon reported that the "morale of the people here has been broken. They are all so dejected and hopeless." A considerable increase in physical defects in the children brought to the city baby clinic for examination has been noted. "Skin diseases are appearing," she said. "Rickets are increasing. There is every evidence in many cases of malnutrition. The children are simply not getting enough milk." She also said there had been a definite increase in the number of tuberculosis cases in town. Otherwise the people of Donora are showing no ill effects of the depression. However, the police keep a watchful eye on them, for Donora is a closed company town, and so no begging and no radical agitation are permitted. The company is in complete control of the town and its politics. The Mellons are in control of its banks. It cannot be considered wholly an accident that wherever I have gone in the steel country I have found the Mellons extending their financial power. Here in this small steel town the one independent house, the Bank of Donora, was a few months ago absorbed by the Mellons, but not until after its president, Dr. J. S. Sprowls, local physician, had sacrificed his entire fortune in a vain attempt to save the bank. But Donora has a future. The Steel Corporation has just completed a $6,000,000 plant to take the place of the present mills. The new plant is equipped with the most modern type of labor-saving machinery. Whereas the old plant normally employed 4,500 men, the new mill, even when operated at maximum capacity, will give employment to no more than 3,000 workers, and at the same time turn out many more units of product.

Again in the Pittsburgh area it is difficult to foretell what will be the most serious consequences of the unemployment crisis. The jobless in Philadelphia I found confused but still hopeful; here they are filled with despair. Many of them have been cowed into submission, but many others are astonishingly frank in their criticism of the existing order. More particularly is this true of the middle class, the white-collar workers. Minor steel-company officials, social workers, and municipal authorities (including a police officer in one town who said "he'd be damned if he'd shoot into a crowd of workers just to save the Mellons") were bitter in their attacks upon the steel magnates and bankers. This is something new in my experience; usually such people, when they are dissatisfied, keep their complaints to themselves and do not reveal their feelings to strange journalists. However, wherever I went I heard Andrew Mellon and his colleagues denounced. There can be little doubt that the Ambassador to Great Britain is not beloved of his fellow-townsmen. And the Mellons certainly added nothing to their prestige when they kept the doors of their banks open after the regular hours in order to take care of the many new deposits that came their way after the failure of the Bank of Pittsburgh, which they could have saved but deliberately allowed to fail. So a Father Cox can today openly assail Andrew Mellon over the radio without being cut off by the usually diligent local radio censors.

That the unemployed in this area are ready for action and are only awaiting a leader is all too apparent. This was shown by the tremendous response the Communists got when they called an impromptu conference of steel workers last fall. It was revealed again when the jobless stormed the municipal hall in New Kensington and forced the authorities to set up a central relief bureau; when the unemployed of Fayette County marched upon Uniontown to dramatize their hunger and demand help, which has not yet been forthcoming; when Father Cox led 15,000 jobless men from the steel mills and coal mines to Washington—many other thousands who wanted to join in the hunger march were turned away for lack of room in the trucks—and again when Father Cox gathered 60,000 persons in Pitt Stadium on a cold winter day to hear him assail Washington and the bankers for allowing the jobless to shift for themselves. There will without question be more such protests, and the workers may not content themselves with peaceful hunger marches, for increasing numbers of them are beginning to realize that they have not a ghost of a chance in their dual fight against hunger and the steel companies. The Communists are active here, but they really need little help—the Morgans and Mellons are "making the revolution" in the Pittsburgh district about as rapidly as that can safely be done.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Presidential Possibilities

V. Norman Thomas—Why Not?*

By DEVERE ALLEN

HE stands on the platform of Mecca Temple in New York on Armistice Day, and explains the price that we must pay for peace. Speaking with him is a distinguished quartette: Nicholas Murray Butler, Alanson B. Houghton, John W. Davis, Alfred E. Smith. At the beginning of the meeting the average reporter would have made a mental note that *he* was speaking with *them*; but not at the end. For that tremendous audience of the elite, the intelligentsia, the sophisticates of public affairs, has been swept off its feet—and by a Socialist whose very earnestness is moving, whose remarks will seem in cold print on the morrow as full of depth as when spoken, and whose eloquence is irresistible.

He stands in the center of a milling crowd on a Socialist picnic; the well-to-do are pretty generally absent, for these are hard-handed laboring people come to manifest their economic solidarity. Thomas gets the reception of an idolized comrade, one who has not only the knack of expressing vividly the hunger of their spirits, but of arousing passionate personal loyalty. He stands on a stump at Garfield, New Jersey, a suburb of Passaic, where freedom of assembly has just been denied to striking mill workers. He gets as far as a few words about historic American liberties, declares this to be his first stump speech made from a bone fide stump, and is manhandled by a sheriff and a group of zealous deputies, who proceed to lock him up overnight for want of $10,000 bail money in his pockets.

He stands behind the pulpit of a church, filling again the ministerial role which gave him the platform training he finds so great an asset now—though there is only the slightest trace of orthodox homiletics in his bearing. He takes his listeners from personal strivings up to a larger struggle on behalf of all mankind. Communists, when they tire of branding him as "yellow," "traitor," "fake," or "reactionary," hurl the ultimate epithet—"sky-pilot."

He stands on the rostrum of a famous university making the Commencement address at the request of the graduating class. He speaks at once with dignity and fire, with practical realism and sensitive imagination. There is youth in him, and the students respond to it. He takes them into a world of problematic reward but of hearty adventure. He stands at the door of a room where a committee of the "best minds" has been fashioning the outlines of a fairer universe. He has perhaps maintained silence up to now; but before he rushes off to his sixth committee meeting for the day he will present a series of cogent ideas in rapid-fire manner, often enough of them to keep the session going for another two or three hours.

When he speaks it is his depth of conviction that counts, primarily. But he is the fortunate owner of a rich, resonant voice, and has the gift of speaking at high speed yet with clarity and freedom from oratorical bombast. Sometimes he speaks too often, and then occasionally he loses unity and tends to substitute a not unpleasing satire for ideas; but as a rule he can rise above heavy fatigue and nearly do his best. He must be tired, he is tired, a good deal of the time. When he gets warmed up, he will pace back and forth, his long legs and flashing eyes emphasizing his vehement sincerity. He uses his arms but little, and never flails the air; once in a while he will crook one arm at an impossible angle, round his fingers out into a hollow ball, and draw the fingertips together tensely, as if he had something mighty important in his hand. He has—the audience.

Norman Thomas, however, is no mere spellbinder. He is a first-rate executive, turning off titanic avalanches of correspondence, dictating articles and his regular editorials syndicated to the labor press, and signing letters, as a caller put it, "with one hand while carrying on a conversation with the other." The very height which, with his graying hair and his native dignity, makes him so impressive on the boards, makes him look out of place, somehow, in the confines of an office. He appears to reach down from an intense altitude to the top of his desk, and his knees are obviously never quite at home. But the League for Industrial Democracy, of which he is executive director, seems to thrive under the weight of his lanky frame.

Thomas's early career was promising enough—his brilliance is still remembered at Princeton, just as it was brought uncomfortably back to Woodrow Wilson, his former teacher, when the war-time Administration all but put an end to his "seditious" activities as the first editor of the *World Tomorrow*. But more significant than his early contacts with Wilsonism, or even his still earlier introduction to Hardingism as a newsboy selling the Marion *Star* on the streets of his native Ohio town, are his recent years. Thomas has gained and grown extraordinarily. He is a living defiance to all the cynicism of the Oslers about the inability of men to advance in middle age. Those who knew him during the trying days of the war, when he stood faithful to his internationalism; or in the post-war days when he seemed for a time to be consumed with inner bitterness at the treachery of the idealistic institutions he had trusted; or when he got his bearings and swung into the Socialist movement with humility and zest, yet with a somewhat naive simplification of complex social forces—these friends marvel most of all at his steady growth in power, his expanded breadth of human understanding, his tightened grasp on the detailed mechanisms of city, national, and international statecraft. Today,

* The fifth of a series of articles. The sixth, on "Alfalfa Bill" Murray, by George E. Milburn, will appear next week.—Editor The Nation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as Tammany Hall and countless facile reactionaries are aware, the man who takes on Norman Thomas in a debate over detailed, concrete governmental problems, especially those of New York City, is monkeying with a buzz saw.

His book, "America's Way Out," and the new volume, "As I See It," will go on attracting added support. But what makes him formidable in spite of his present minority position is his capacity for bringing life into practical matters of public policy. It was this phase of his campaign for the mayoralty of New York City that rolled up 175,000 votes, an amazing total, everything considered. Many, however, in the ranks of radical labor contemplate with distrust, even with horror, his heightened prestige. They see it purchased at the price of too much moderation, too little contact with the laboring masses. The *New Leader,* the Socialist weekly, heads his department with a stalwart drawing calculated to destroy the dangerous suspicion of intellectualism by picturing him as a beefy walking delegate. But even this undercurrent of fear cannot diminish his widening circle of repute. And the economic experience of numerous Americans during the last two years has unquestionably made them more tolerant, for the first time in their lives, of the gospel of peaceful economic revolution.

Nevertheless, as a genuine Presidential possibility Thomas belongs not to the present but only to a speculative future. Largely because a multitude of American radicals have succumbed to the doctrine of defeatism, neither Thomas nor anybody like him can yet hope to gain political control. It would be foolish to minimize the enormous barriers that the social and political conditions of our time have thrown across the road to power. But the same lack of political hardihood which made liberals and radicals run away from their great opportunity after La Follette's 5,000,000 votes in 1924, chiefly because in the first campaign they had failed to win, is holding up the march to power now. Where were the 5,000,000 in 1928? Their absence cannot be explained on the ground that these voters were mainly the same ones who had hit the Bull Moose trail in 1912, and later, growing fatigued with the passing of time, reclined in the Smith-Tammany wigwam of 1928. For the same thing has happened to the parties of the left. In 1912, despite the three-cornered contest among Taft, Wilson, and T. R., with shouts for the New Freedom and the New Trust-Busting between them drowning out the impressive Taft chuckle, the Socialist Party rolled up a vote of 901,873. The combined vote of the Socialist Party and the Socialist Labor Party in 1920 reached the mark of 950,974. But in 1928, notwithstanding the fact of woman suffrage and the increase in average longevity which medical science, with dubious wisdom, had given our citizens, the best these two parties could pile up, together with the growing Workers' Party and the ephemeral vest-pocket Farmer Labor Party of Colonel Frank E. Webb, was 344,183. Looking at this slump in terms of percentages, it is even more revealing. In 1920 radical votes constituted approximately 3½ per cent of the total votes cast; in 1928 they amounted to less than 1 per cent. What happened to the other 2½ per cent?

The plain fact is that the large vote of 1920, chiefly run up behind Eugene Debs, was less a vote of Socialist conviction than a vote of bitter protest. The Socialist vote of 1912 was the peak of political socialism; it was the climax of vigorous education, comparative liveliness within the trade unions, and a general spirit of infectious liberal sentiment. But 1920 was different. Emerging from the war, those multitudes who had been directly victims of repression or who had indirectly felt themselves wronged by the immeasurable crime, seized upon the almost legendary figure of the imprisoned Debs as a happy vehicle for their rebellion. At bottom, its good vote notwithstanding, the Socialist Party was almost fatally weakened by the oppression of the war and the internal split which had come with the conflict's end. Officially, the party had bravely opposed the war. Debs went splendidly to jail; Berger and the party's executive staff stood trial; not a few Socialist leaders and more obscure spokesmen from the rank and file suffered persecution; Morris Hillquit in 1917 campaigned for the mayoralty of New York on a courageous anti-war platform. But the trail of other party Solons was in many places rather slippery. Comrades Spargo, Phelps Stokes, and Walling had worked up military enthusiasms and suspended the ancient camaraderie. Upton Sinclair had not loved Prophet Karl any less, but had loved Prophet Woodrow more. The old *Christian Socialist* had vindicated a long ecclesiastical tradition by being the first Socialist journal to back up the war. That ardent rebel, Haldeman-Julius, out in the safety of his Kansas cyclone cellar, also had swung behind the war, appropriately enough changing the title of his influential Socialist paper from the *Appeal to Reason* to the *New Appeal.* It was after this disintegration that Norman Thomas came into the party. Everywhere was Socialist wreckage, partly the product of the war and partly of the internecine conflict that raged up to the time of the left-wing split. That the pieces could be picked up and rebuilt into anything tangible seemed hard to believe, but the job was done. Thomas did not do it; it was accomplished by a corps of experienced, if somewhat too experienced, leaders. But it took Thomas to breathe life into the machine again and teach it to walk in a forward direction.

When 1924 came along, by a far more sacrificial and generous move than its collaborators usually realized, the Socialist Party threw itself into the La Follette drive, emerging with its own machinery gear-stripped and its esprit de corps considerably dissipated. In 1928 it suffered because of the dropping of its name off the ballot in 1924 in many States. Small wonder, then, that in the heat of the contest between those flaming knights-errant of liberalism, Herbert Hoover and Alfred Smith, even as good a man as Norman Thomas, a man little known to the old-timers that had once massed behind Gene Debs, could hardly project his constructive program into the uproar of fake issues. Shouts did not come from the crowds when candidates talked of export debentures or reparations; it was a race, so far as the bleachers were concerned, between the Drinkers and the Drys; or a spiritual rivalry between a dangerous Catholicism and the harmless inner light of Quakerdom; or wild New York against the sound, clean open spaces of the West; or "raddio" against misleading figures which the average Hoover fan could not then tell were incorrect. Getting people to listen to intelligent discussions of economic questions was like getting them to cheer for the fourth dimension. A certain Socialist speaker complained, after talking faithfully to innumerable street audiences about the war debts, real wages, superpower, and increased consumption of goods, that in two months he had seen nothing but tonsils.

But 1928 is hardly 1932. While he would be rash who

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would predict a political overturn on any available evidence at the present moment, discontent is deeper than it was in 1920. If Franklin D. Roosevelt is nominated by the Democrats, he may reap the benefit of it. But let no one fancy that a Roosevelt victory necessarily forecasts a slender Socialist vote, for history belies any such assumption. It is an interesting phenomenon of politics that the heaviest Socialist votes for the Presidential ticket have come in years when moderately liberal Democrats have run. For Cox, badly beaten though he was by the anti-Wilson reaction, ran in 1920 as a liberal and progressive; in 1912 the Roosevelt-Wilson combination only swelled the Socialist total, and even in 1916, when the Socialists ran the inconspicuous Benson, they polled almost 600,000 despite the appealing pledge of the Democrats to keep us out of war.

There are many phases of renewed Socialist activity which do not bring praise from critics farther to the left. Within the party itself there are frequent protests. Some of these emanate from militants justly fearful of a drift away from the basic concept of the class struggle. There would be fewer complaints of this character if the objectors followed in the wake of Thomas among the labor bodies to which he is constantly bringing encouragement, hope, and a fighting spirit. Some of the doubters are veterans who have become so accustomed to overwhelming defeat that they bridle against the loosening of ideology inevitable in any growing movement. But it is safe to say that of all the groups seeking political expression in this country today, discounting the small and extreme parties whose dogmatic theologies engender a sectarian solidarity, the Socialists are most united.

The party has been picking up, its gains in the capture of political office in the 1931 elections more than offsetting the losses. Inquiries by mail are vastly multiplied; the literature issued is more than tenfold the amount put out in 1927. Membership goes steadily, if slowly, upward. A dozen new Socialist journals were founded last year and old ones have grown. Even where losses occurred, as in Reading, the loss was in control rather than support, for the vote increased and membership has doubled. It took a fusion of the old parties to create the setback—a neat lesson in the method by which a political realignment can be brought to pass.

But no Socialist gain, on the whole, has been greater than the influence that Norman Thomas has exerted over the public on behalf of socialism. For, whatever his critics may say, he has never run as an individual appealing for personal support. He has invariably stressed his devotion to Socialist principles, asking for votes as an exponent of socialism. Perhaps his socialism is without benefit of Marx; perhaps, judging from the manner in which the more alert members of the liberal churches are swinging to him, it is *not* without benefit of clergy, and that to the cynics is a cause of great distress. But however any skeptic may dissent from Thomas's socialism or fear the final consequences of party leadership by a man at once an idealist, an ex-minister, an author of books, and an intellectual, not one can accuse him of making his socialism subsidiary. Has he, despite his writings, an adequately detailed plan for the economic transformation of America? Most observers, friends and foes alike, would answer in the negative. But who has a better plan, who can at the same time lead and carry with him a great enough body of loyal followers?

No Socialist, in the wisdom of insistence on party first, likes to assume that the nomination of Norman Thomas in 1932 is a foregone conclusion. But most Socialists know that Thomas it must be, or else the campaign will fall flat and wind up profitless. There are plenty of other capable leaders in the ranks; American socialism is by no means the party of incompetents that faithful readers of the editorials in conservative newspapers fondly imagine it to be. But no matter how many Thomas's defects, he will probably be named, he will make a hard try, he will pull down a worthwhile vote. It will not be a mere vote of protest—the Democrats will fall heir to the real grudge votes. Socialist votes this time will be registered for the creation of a new economic order, for the building of an eventually powerful party. Whether or not some liberal party ticket may arise, either spontaneously or under the cultivation of the League for Independent Political Action, it is too soon to say. It is unlikely that the Socialist Party, officially, will join in a formal coalition. The party's leaders believe that to rush into a mass movement for a liberal Presidential ticket without a well-organized party to buttress the ticket with experience and momentum would be a fatal error in the long run. It is not impossible that thousands of people who before 1932 have hesitated to support an out-and-out Socialist will decide that this is now exactly the thing for them to do.

One thing is sure. There are countless voters who are not convinced that the way out is socialism but who wish to push forward into genuinely progressive and humane policies the more advanced of the old-party candidates, should the man of their choice be victorious. Even if this is as far as they can persuade themselves to go, overlooking the way in which party organization sways the chief, they must reckon with the demonstrated fact that a large Socialist vote has exerted a marked pressure in the past on otherwise conventional platform-makers and in a smaller measure on administrative policies. Whoever the next President might be, he could not escape the effect of a huge Socialist vote. It would haunt his table like Banquo's ghost whenever he contemplated a reactionary, anti-labor, or inhuman move. It would nudge his elbow whenever he lapsed into that utilitarian coma which serves the interests desiring to have nothing done.

Norman Thomas will discourage, however, the proponents of the "good man" theory of Presidential candidates. He will demand votes for his party's program. He will have to contend once more against the familiar fears about votes "thrown away." One day shortly after the 1928 election a well-known progressive society woman rushed up to the erstwhile campaigner and exclaimed warmly, "Mr. Thomas, I had my mind all made up to vote for you, for I thought you were the best candidate and had the best platform. But at the very last minute I went into the polling booth and voted for Al Smith, just because I didn't want to throw my vote away! And . . . and . . ." "And so you *did*," finished Thomas, with a nice mixture of humor and asperity. Clearly they were legion who, in 1928, conceived their duty as this woman voter saw it. There will doubtless be enough of them this time. But Thomas will ride into that stampede with full speed in 1932, and when the shouting is over, not all the hesitant ones will have given their blessing to the huge and single Republican-Democratic Party, even though that great organization, in our quadrennial rodeo, again stages a "thrilling" round-up for the entertainment of the public and the joint profit of its management.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Heaven Goes Republican

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, March 19

IT would be nice if someone of superior information and discernment would stand up and tell just why, on the basis of this season's performance, the country would stand to gain anything by exchanging the Hoover Administration for a Democratic one. I hold no brief for Hard Times Herbert, but there is no avoiding the fact that the Democrats have enacted nearly all his proposals and now are striving to jam through a tax bill infinitely more reactionary and dishonest than the one proposed by Mellon. Moreover, they joined him in defeating the most important relief measure introduced at this session, the La Follette-Costigan bill. The only genuinely constructive proposals they have supported—such as the lame-duck amendment and the anti-injunction bill—were fathered by Progressive Republicans and received almost as many Republican as Democratic votes. If there is anyone left in the United States who believes that we have two political parties and not simply two wings of the same bird of prey, he should have been here to see Walter Newton, Hoover's secretary, lobbying for a general sales tax with the able assistance and cordial cooperation of the two leading contributors of Democratic campaign funds! If controlled government is inevitable, why should John Smith or I care two whoops in a hailstorm whether it is controlled in the interest of Mellon and Morgan or that of Raskob and Baruch? As long as the elephant and the jackass work in double harness it matters little to the rest of us who is in the driver's seat. We shall walk in either case.

* * * * *

OF course fairness compels the admission that a heavy majority of House Democrats opposed the general sales tax. That was not the fault of their leaders. Garner, Rainey, and Crisp cracked the whip and pulled every available wire. Their methods were reminiscent of those employed to put the Hawley-Smoot tariff through the Senate, and, indeed, the device of offering a tariff on oil and gasoline in return for Oklahoma votes for a sales tax was stolen outright from Old Joe Grundy himself. The argument for the bill was as transparent and dishonest as any that I ever listened to. For example, we had Rainey telling the House and a nation-wide radio audience that, under the bill, "we will take in taxes approximately one-half of all incomes over $100,000 a year." The truth was that the proposed maximum total rate of 46 per cent would only have applied on net income *in excess of $100,000,* the latter sum being taxed under the graduated scale starting at 2 per cent. The morality which could prompt a party leader to tell the public that the maximum rate applied to the entire income needs no further characterization. A tax on consumers would be the entering wedge designed for the eventual destruction of the income tax—a fact which, with astonishing candor, was confessed on the floor of the House by one of its chief sponsors, Ike Bachrach of New Jersey. The contention that the government's credit is tottering toward utter collapse unless the budget is balanced instantly and from current revenue is too silly to be discussed among adults. If any credit is sounder I should like to hear of it. At this writing it appears that the sales tax will be rejected and a scale of income surtaxes and estate taxes approximating the war-time rates adopted. The spectacular Democratic revolt against the party leadership should have important consequences on Speaker Garner's Presidential prospects. It may be, as one reporter wrote Friday, that "the House today threw the sales tax out of the window and John Garner jumped after it." Who converted him to it, anyway? And who issued the order to the Tammany delegation to support it?

* * * * *

THANKS to Blaine of Wisconsin and the remainder of the Senate, the Department of Justice finally has been prodded into proceeding with its suit for the dissolution of the Radio Trust. Its action in waiting almost a year for the trust to decide whether it would voluntarily desist from violating the law was assuming the proportions of a scandal when the Senate acted on Blaine's resolution. The resulting wail from the Radio Corporation was immensely diverting to those who remember what it did to the independent tube and set manufacturers in the heyday of its unrestrained career. Especially amusing was its plaintive contention that the Department of Justice ought to be more careful about disturbing industry in a period of business depression. I don't suppose that argument ever occurred to Captain Kidd or Jesse James. If the Department follows through, the consequences will not improve the Presidential prospects of Owen D. Young, the genius of the trust. Owen hasn't been getting the breaks lately, which is unfortunate, because it is a delight to watch him perform under fair conditions. He is the only industrial magnate I ever saw who could think rings around the average Congressman. As a matter of fact, however, the Democratic nomination for President is becoming less desirable every day—not because Hoover's stock is going up but because that of the Democratic Party is going down. It still seems altogether likely that Governor Roosevelt could win but it is doubtful whether any other Democrat could. It does begin to look as if God and all the saints are Republicans. The main hope of the country remains in the possibility that Borah, Norris, or Hiram Johnson will enter the field—and that is a faint hope indeed.

* * * * *

WHEN all else has a bilious cast we can turn to Pat Hurley and Bob Lucas for the comic aspects. Bob's latest contribution was an impassioned denial of published reports that salaries had been reduced at Republican national headquarters. Bob explained that officials and employees were merely turning back a given percentage of their pay to help the party! Everything indicates it will need a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lot of that kind of help before November. The "fat cats" are sulking. I am wondering whether Secretary Hurley's St. Patrick's Day speech is the same one that Captain Abraham Ginsberg wrote for him just before the Washington *Herald* inconsiderately divulged the Captain's record of service in that capacity. It is somewhat doubtful. The speech didn't seem to sparkle with the same Irish wit and eloquence which distinguished the gallant Secretary's prepared utterances during the period when Ginsberg was composing for him. Moreover, Pat still believes that he was betrayed by his own ghost, and the unhappy and wholly innocent Captain lives in constant terror of enforced retirement. A few weeks ago I mentioned in this place that the War Department was seriously proposing to remove army units from the Mexican border to a point nearer Chicago in anticipation of the expected "red uprising." I am told that department officials are denying the accuracy of this statement. If any more denials of that character are made I shall deem it incumbent to publish exactly what Secretary Hurley and General MacArthur said on the subject to Senator Connally and Representative Thomason of Texas, and what the latter said to them. For the present it is sufficient to report that the Department has decided to postpone action until next January.

The Horrors at Shanghai

By AGNES SMEDLEY

Shanghai, February 23

THE incidents leading up to the war at Shanghai were many, all of them consequent upon the anti-Japanese boycott that followed on the heels of the Japanese occupation of Manchuria and many of them involving deaths of both Chinese and Japanese. It can be quite certainly stated that Japanese *agents provocateurs,* as advance agents of the Japanese militarists, instigated many of these incidents, which finally culminated in the expected Japanese ultimatum to the Chinese authorities on January 20. The mayor of Chinese-administered Shanghai, carrying out the Nanking policy of non-action and dependence on the League of Nations, accepted the terms of this humiliating ultimatum on the afternoon of January 28, and immediately began the suppression of every kind of anti-Japanese activity among the Chinese population. British and American imperialist interests had also been advocating the suppression of the boycott as "unlawful"—fearing, of course, that it would some day be turned against themselves.

Shortly after the acceptance of the Japanese ultimatum by the Chinese authorities the Shanghai Municipal Council, the administrative body of the foreign settlements, declared the existence of a "state of emergency." Most of the foreigners knew that the Japanese, now heavily reinforced in Shanghai by marines, cruisers, destroyers, and over 100 air bombers, were going to take military action, and the "state of emergency" practically meant that while the Japanese attacked the Chinese at the front, the other foreigners guarded their rear against the united action of the Chinese population. At eleven o'clock on the night of the 28th the Japanese admiral delivered an ultimatum to the Chinese military defenders of Shanghai, ordering them to withdraw from their defense positions; and before the Chinese had time even to read the document—that is, just thirty-five minutes later—the Japanese invasion began. That section of the International Settlement to which the Japanese had been assigned by the Shanghai Defense Forces as guard now became the base of the war operations undertaken by the Japanese against the Chinese.

The Japanese attempted to take possession of the Chinese city of Chapei, using every known method of warfare to obtain their end. They bombed and bombarded the North Station of the Shanghai-Nanking Railway; they bombed and burned to the ground the Commercial Press, the greatest Chinese publishing house and the greatest publishing house in the world; they also bombed and burned to ashes the famous Oriental library attached to the Press, in which there were some million volumes and ancient manuscripts, many of which can never be replaced. In the first encounters the invaders were driven back into the International Settlement, where the Chinese could not follow because this territory is supposed to be "neutral"—a neutrality which has now been exposed as nothing but a matter of force. Had the Chinese army followed up its victory and occupied that part of the Settlement, as they now had the legal right to do, they could have driven the Japanese from the city, and thus saved the lives of thousands of their people as well as the whole city of Chapei. But the commanders of the Chinese defense force, that is, the 19th Route Army, are not revolutionaries, and like many others of their class, they either fear foreigners too much or, in common with many other rich Chinese, do not really wish to see Shanghai brought under Chinese sovereignty. They even gave out a statement that they could have taken the Settlement, but did not care to violate its neutrality or do injury to foreign lives and property. The result was that the Japanese consolidated their position, brought more men-of-war, more air bombers, and more marines and troops into Shanghai, moved them right through the International Settlement, and began a reign of terror and atrocity.

During the early part of the struggle foreign newspapermen and other civilians could go right down into the war zone, watch the street fighting, and take pictures. What they saw was blazed across the pages of the foreign and Chinese press each day. Here we beheld Japanese marines, accompanied by lawless bands of Japanese civilians called "Ronins," the latter armed with guns, swords, knives, bayonets, or baseball bats, attacking the Chinese civilian population. The "Ronins," operating in gangs, would capture Chinese civilians, often tie them hand and foot, and then stab or beat them to death. An American consular official watched a Japanese marine catch a poor coolie and bayonet him, and every time the body showed signs of life, drive the bayonet through it from a new angle.

During the first five days of the fighting around Chapei practically no prisoners were taken alive—they were

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shot, beaten, or stabbed to death. Since the Chinese defenders were a part of the 19th Route Army, a Cantonese army, no Cantonese civilian prisoner was left alive. The Japanese seem to have carried out a consistent policy of killing every intellectual they found. Despite the confusion I have learned that at least two of my own personal friends were murdered by the Japanese, one a writer recently returned from America who was doing absolutely nothing against the Japanese but who happened to be an intellectual and a Cantonese, and the other a friend who was beaten to death with an iron bar because a book by Bogdanov on proletarian literature was found in his room. Another acquaintance was condemned to death but was saved by a Japanese friend, the charge against him being that he was a Communist; the "evidence" against him was a tag bearing a number in the lining of his hat. This was a tag of the dry-cleaners, but the Japanese said it was a secret Communist number!

A German business man named Hans Krenn, trapped with his family for days in the war zone, finally escaped and told what he had seen. He had seen Japanese creep up to houses, set them on fire, and then when the families hiding inside were driven out by the flames, shoot them dead in their tracks—men, women, children. The Japanese seldom feel called upon to make an excuse for their atrocities, which they seem to regard as only a natural part of the business of killing. But when "sentimental" foreigners continued to describe the atrocities in the press, the Japanese excused their actions by saying that the houses of civilians had been used by Chinese snipers. It is not known how many thousands of Chinese civilians were killed. Mr. Krenn saw piles of dead bodies on which hungry, yelping dogs fed for days. The Chinese press reported that the Japanese unloaded into the river sixteen trucks of corpses on one day. The Japanese spared nobody; they even bombed the miserable camps of flood refugees, filled with the old, sick, and impoverished, killing about fifty persons in one afternoon. A German friend of mine, a newspaperman, was taking a picture of a group of Japanese civilians who had captured a Chinese civilian and were busily engaged in stabbing him to death, when a marine saw my friend's intention, stepped up to him, and stuck a Mauser against his nose!

When the Japanese extended their operations to the Woosung fort and the surrounding towns and villages at the mouth of the Whangpoo and the Yangtze, they repeated there their actions in Shanghai. The foreign concessions and the Chinese territory beyond the Chinese lines are now filled with hundreds of thousands of refugees and with civilian and soldier wounded. It is said that fully 1,000,000 Chinese are homeless, or have suffered injuries or death. About 200,000 skilled workers in Shanghai are unemployed, which means that, with their families, 600,000 persons of this group alone are without the means of subsistence.

All of this is but the external view of the scene. There were many disgraceful events taking place in the rear of the heroic 19th Route Army. This army, though composed of Cantonese men and officers, has not been under the command of either the Nanking or Canton governments; instead, it has been under the sole orders of its commanders, who have taken it here and there according to their own personal military alliances. General Chiang Kai-shek has never commanded it and it is known as one of the stumbling-blocks to his supremacy. Therefore, when the Nanking Government, under Chiang Kai-shek and the so-called "leftist" Wang Ching-wei, laid down a policy of non-action, the 19th Route Army commanders publicly announced that they would defend Chinese territory to the last. It is generally said by Chinese that Chiang Kai-shek sent two brigades of his own forces to Shanghai to disarm this Shanghai garrison, but the brigades arrived after fighting had begun, and joined the defenders. In any case, nearly two weeks passed, and while the Shanghai defenders fought with a courage and heroism that aroused the astonishment even of the imperialists, General Chiang sent not one man, gun, or aeroplane as reinforcement. Nanking and Chiang Kai-shek aroused the hatred of most Chinese during this period, for not only did they sabotage the Shanghai defenders, but under the pretext of removing the capital inland Chiang Kai-shek and Wang Ching-wei escaped to Loyang. Chinese sometimes remark cynically: "The first man to reach Loyang was Chiang; he ran that fast!"

The Cantonese Kuomintang clique, headed by Sun Fo and Eugene Chen, recently ousted from Nanking by Chiang and Wang, attempted to exploit the heroism of the Shanghai Chinese defenders in order to consolidate their own position. They sent appeals to Nanking for reinforcements and got replies that were evasive refusals; they gave money to the commanders of the 19th Route Army—many Chinese declared this was but an attempt to induce the commanders to withdraw their forces southward so that Chiang Kai-shek would have to fight the Japanese. Rumor had it that Sun Fo was trying to form a new government in Hangchow. It was known that Chiang Kai-shek's policy seemed to have as its objective the destruction of the 19th Route Army by the Japanese, while a rival Kuomintang clique desired nothing better than to see Chiang's own model division annihilated. Yet the brave young defenders of Shanghai territory thought they were fighting for the freedom of China, not knowing they were merely being used as pawns in a game of political cliques. During this period the Central Executive Committee of the Kuomintang consisted of about fifty members, and so extensive were their conflicts that they could not hold one united meeting, but instead gathered in separate halls. Only after nearly two weeks had passed, when he was being mercilessly exposed, and when he saw that he would lose control even of his own forces as well as of the 19th Route Army, did Chiang Kai-shek find it expedient to change his tactics and send reinforcements to Shanghai. The Chinese fliers that have since come to the rescue of the defenders have so far defeated the Japanese in every air battle.

Of course, both the foreign and the Chinese authorities passed decrees of martial law forbidding mass demonstrations and any kind of organization of the masses which might lead to revolt. The Chinese press, in both English and Chinese, constantly carried editorials warning the Japanese that their actions might lead to a Communist outbreak—a most undesirable thing for the Japanese! The American afternoon daily solemnly declared in one editorial that Japan "had struck at the very elements in China which the Japanese and the other Powers were pledged to support"—that is, the corrupt, reactionary Chinese ruling class.

But despite all the precautions taken against mass action, there was and continues to be some revolutionary activity, although it is weak indeed. There have been some workers' demonstrations, broken up by the police; a number of organizations continue to exist and operate in secret or semi-secret

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—though closed down repeatedly, they always spring to life again. The strike committee of workers from the Japanese textile mills continues to exist, and the Cultural Federation of Chinese writers, artists, and social scientists has issued proclamations and is active. The walls of the city have also carried manifestoes of the Korean Revolutionary Committee. But the revolutionary movement, after five years of terror and under the continued repression of the Chinese and imperialist authorities, has not been able to acquire much strength in Shanghai.

If the demands of the invaders are not met, nobody seems to know what the Japanese will attempt to do. It may be that they will try to occupy all coastal and river ports and try to make a colony of China; or they may try to force the Chinese to declare war so they can later dictate peace terms; or perhaps they may intend to wage such a war of terrorization as will completely disintegrate Chinese society, and then to set a puppet in Nanking to sign any kind of treaty they wish. Certainly, foreigners in China seem to think that Japan is mistress of Asia, and their chief mental problem is what they should do about it. Some of the foreigners have no desire to see the Japanese make a colony of China and usurp foreign markets and privileges; yet at the same time most of them regard Japanese imperialism as a bulwark against Soviet Russia and against communism in Asia. The White Guard Russians, headed by the bandit leader Semeonov, work openly with the Japanese, and white Russians in Shanghai have been building Japanese trenches and barricades and working on an aerodrome for them.

In the Driftway

TO perceive that we have become a nation of weaklings, it is only necessary to consult the menus of a century ago. Not the snows but the appetites of yesteryear are worth searching for; when they are found, it might be worth while to raise a monument to the cooks. The esteemed Boston *Transcript* reprints from the equally esteemed Providence *Journal* an item dated March 1, 1832, describing a dinner given "by the city at Faneuil Hall." "It consisted of four courses," the account declared, "and a dessert. We subjoin a few of the items, to tantalize some of our New York contemporaries, who occasionally amuse us with specimens of their gastronomic propensities." The four courses subjoined were as follows:

> First course. Turtle soup, potage a la Reine, vermicelli soup, potage a la jardiniere.
>
> Second course. Vol au vent of scollops of Cod, a la creme; attelets of oysters; crimped cod and oyster sauce; stewed haddock.
>
> Third course. Sirloin of beef roasted; haunch of venison; turkey a la Perigneaux with truffles; ham with Madeira; tounge a la mode; neck of veal a la Barbarie; kidneys with champagne; rissoles of fowls; saddle of mutton; turkey with oyster sauce; fowls a la Conde; meat pie; curried chickens; sheep's tongue a la Maintenon; sweetbreads a la Dreux; fricassee of chickens.
>
> Fourth course. Duck; partridges a l'Espagnole; pigeons; omelette aux fines herbes; oyster patties a la Sefton; geese; partridges a la Dreux; quail; omelette of ham; oysters scolloped; lemon puddings; cocoanut puddings; apple tarts; blanc mange; eggs a la Neige; martled creme au cafe; custards; orange puddings; puddings a la Bourgeoise; cranberry tarts; calves' feet jelly; martled creme—white vanilla and chocolate; lemon creams.

* * * * *

THE Drifter hardly has strength to add that this collation was followed by apples, raisins, figs, almonds, olives, oranges, prunes, dates, filberts, walnuts, and was interspersed with Madeira, port, champagne, sherry, claret, curaçao, maraschino, lemonade, bottled cider, brandy, porter, and whiskey. The Providence *Journal* has at least the grace to admit that the feast "was, we may almost venture to say, magnificent." But "magnificent" when applied to it becomes a weak and watery word. No mention is made of diners, but one assumes that the dinner was eaten; no mention is made, either, of the obituary columns on the day or two that followed, but one suspects that they lengthened. But who today could sit down, or lie down, or stand up to such a meal as this? When we dine sumptuously we consume one soup, one round of oysters, one roast with fixings, one entree, one dessert, and rise staggeringly from the board. Those who could partake of four soups, five fish dishes, sixteen roasts, and seven or eight kinds of game, with more sweets than the Drifter can spare the time to count, were indeed the fathers of their country. There were giants in those days.

* * * * *

NOR does the Drifter have to search back a hundred years for proofs of our decaying strength. His own grandmother's table—less than a century ago!—bore, at Christmas dinner, to be sure, not only its turkey but its chicken and its ham, and everybody was expected to take a generous helping of each. Moreover, there was oyster pie to begin with, vegetables in profusion to spread between, a dozen kinds of jellies and preserves, and mince and pumpkin pie for a grand finish. From these Gargantuan feasts to a ham sandwich and a cup of coffee, which all too often suffices for the midday meal of a strong man, is plainly a long step toward decadence. Our children today are nourished on spinach and cod-liver oil; their parents solemnly munch lettuce and whole-wheat bread. What hope is there for the future of America?

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Moral Validity of Birth Control

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am not pessimistic enough to believe that ordinary intelligence is as lacking in this country as the present position of *The Nation* implies. I am sure that you do seriously claim to be a genuine advocate of liberal and progressive ideas. With equal seriousness I assure you that at least one subscriber cannot distinguish your present campaign for birth control from the campaign that gave us prohibition. Prohibition declared liquor illegal, and therefore immoral. Birth control aims to declare itself legal, and therefore moral. Of course I do not

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

admit that morality is a sequence of legality. But your campaign for birth control, so called, is to establish that sequence, wobbly as it is. The proof follows:

The "constructive suggestion" of your birth-control editorial (January 27) is "a Congressional committee on birth control for a complete inquiry into the whole subject by an authoritative body." This Congressional inquiry you "would not limit merely to the question of whether legislation is desirable or not. . . . Such a committee might even interest itself in the *development* [italics mine] of the technique of birth control." In other words, Congress would come in very handy as a sounding-board for echoing birth-control propaganda by going "into such subjects as the extent of the present dissemination of birth-control knowledge and of the existing nullification of the law." But wherefore all this effort, if birth control is already a *fait accompli*? The answer appears simple. In the opinion of the boosters of birth control the ruggedly individualistic conscience of the nation will not be quieted as to the moral soundness of birth control until it is passed on by an "authoritative body." If only Congress will pass a law to that effect, everybody will be happy.

I do not raise the question in this letter of whether birth control is a good thing. I do not question whether the present restrictive laws are good. I am not debating whether any laws are desirable. But I do question whether it is in accord with liberal and advanced ideas to look to Congress as an "authoritative body" to settle the moral aspect of birth control. The very fact of Congressional toleration would be used as proof of its licitness. No other convincing reason for seeking toleration, approval, or cooperation from Congress is put forward except that it is an "authoritative body." Perhaps Congress is to be taken as an authoritative body on medicine, or economics, or sociology. But even so, you "would not limit" Congress to the discussion of those considerations which would help to determine whether birth-control legislation "is desirable or not." What more, then, is expected of Congress after it decides that legislation against birth control is not "desirable"? This is sought: a declaration from Congress, at least by implication, that birth control is moral.

Why, further, does *The Nation,* as a birth-control advocate, abandon liberal and intellectual principles and seek to make Congressional authority the moral godfather of birth control? I suggest as an answer that *The Nation* is itself unable to establish or to defend the moral validity of birth control. Certainly mere courage in advocating it is not proof of such validity.

REVEREND DAMIAN CUMMINS

Conception College, Conception, Mo., March 6

Why Starve?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The 1931 health index shows 10 per cent better than in 1930 and 18 per cent better than in 1929. This does not indicate that there are ten or twenty million people "starving" or "starving a long time without dying." In one sense lots of people "starve" unless they have whatever they want, moral or immoral, and at whatever cost or pain or shame.

In old frontier times thousands of people lived on wheat ground coarsely in an old-fashioned coffee-mill and cooked well in very hot water so that hulls and all were nourishing; this and milk and potatoes; and when eggs came in springtime there was luxury. Flour hauled a long distance was high-priced, and while a good sour-milk soda biscuit was sometimes eaten for dessert, yet this did not make for health and strength like the whole-wheat pudding.

Fort Yates, N. D., February 24 A. McG. BEEDE

Grover Cleveland's Letters

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Arrangements are being made for an authorized and complete edition of the letters of Grover Cleveland. Numerous letters by Mr. Cleveland are known to be in private hands throughout the country. We earnestly request all persons holding them to send either the originals or careful copies to the editor of the collection, Professor Allan Nevins, Columbia University, New York City. If originals are sent they will be transcribed and returned immediately.

GROVER CLEVELAND BIRTHPLACE MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION
John H. Finley, President
GROVER CLEVELAND ASSOCIATION,
David Robinson, Secretary

New York, February 25

For Albany Readers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Capital District *Nation* Club will hold its annual meeting Monday evening, March 28, at the Unitarian Church, corner Washington Avenue and Robin Street, Albany, New York, at 8:15. Oswald Garrison Villard will be the guest of honor and speaker. His subject will be "The Political Crisis." All *Nation* readers in this section are urged to attend. Supper will be served if a sufficient number will notify the undersigned, care of J. B. Lyon Company, Albany.

Albany, March 17 HAROLD P. WINCHESTER

Contributors to This Issue

AGNES SMEDLEY, author of "Daughter of Earth," has lived in China for many years.

FRANCES FROST is the author of a book of verse, "Blue Harvest."

H. L. MENCKEN is editor of the *American Mercury* and a contributing editor of *The Nation.*

MAXWELL S. STEWART has made a study of the source material relating to Mr. Hoover's activities in China.

KENNETH WHITE is a writer of book reviews for various literary periodicals.

GERALD SYKES is a writer of fiction.

THIS SUMMER VISIT
SOVIET RUSSIA
COOPERATIVE GROUPS OF TEACHERS, STUDENTS, ARTISTS AND SOCIAL WORKERS

Trips of 12 to 33 days in the Soviet Union under competent leadership visiting the most interesting of New Russia's projects. Special emphasis on the Educational, Artistic, Social, and Industrial phases of Russian life.

33 days in Russia—$410
26 days in Russia—$375
21 days in Russia—$350

Including complete service from New York through Russia (3rd class) and return passage from Cherbourg or Southampton.

For tourist class on steamer and second category in Russia $654 for 33 days; $584 for 26 days; $550 for 21 days

SAILINGS ON THE *BREMEN* AND *EUROPA*
JUNE 7, 15, JULY 9 AND AUGUST 13

For booklet and itineraries address PHILIP BROWN, Director
FRIENDSHIP TOURS 136 BERKELEY PLACE BROOKLYN, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Finance

Kreuger and the Holding Company

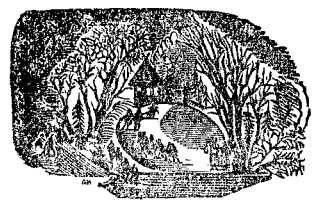
THE tragic death of Ivar Kreuger, which resulted in a partial moratorium in Sweden, sent another tremor through the financial fabric of Europe, and gave our own Stock Exchange a bad day, throws into focus one of the really complicated problems of the current depression. It was not Mr. Kreuger's far-flung match monopolies which brought on a crisis in his affairs; they seem to be doing well enough. The structure of loans, credits, and obligations which he built upon the tangible commodities and services produced by his subsidiary companies proved to be the weak spot in his undertakings. To finance his enterprises he borrowed in one country and depended upon receipts from another to meet his debts, and when the channels of international transfer were clogged with moratoria, defaults, and departures from the gold standard, the calculations upon which the project depended went wrong. A partial list of the countries to which he had advanced money in return for trading concessions—Germany, Turkey, Rumania, Poland, Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Jugoslavia, Greece—illustrates the uncertainty of payments.

A set of comparable difficulties, different in detail, apply to many of our own so-called holding companies. These concerns have thrown a tenuous financial web over a host of "operating" subsidiaries. In the days of the boom they acquired the voting stock of those subsidiaries through exchange of stock, the exchange usually involving little or no cash consideration. But the "parent" company, to finance its requirements, frequently pledged the stock thus received as security for bond issues or for bank loans, depending on the dividends received from the operating unit to pay the interest and amortization charges on the obligations thus created. The whole arrangement rested on the assumption that income from the subsidiaries would continuously be sufficient to meet capital charges of the holding concern. With the slump in business, that assumption has been falsified in case after case.

There is a certain type of big-business man who clings fast to a commodity as a basis for doing business. The names of Carnegie, Frick, Ford, Rockefeller, Eastman, and numerous others come immediately to mind. The type, in the aggregate, is diminishing in importance. The newer men are concerned with integrating and consolidating the work of the older, and to do so they have invoked the aid of credit on a vast scale, at a time when credit was never more erratic and unsure.

Credit, in this democratic age, must flow from the pockets of the people, directly or indirectly, and the securities issued by the finance and holding companies were sold to the man in the street. The prospective growth of the country was the all-pervasive sales appeal, but there was a more subtle and technical appeal, which nevertheless was widely understood. This was nothing more than the principle of "trading on the equity." That is, a corporation with a large bonded debt can in prosperous times—and we were to be forever prosperous, in 1928 and 1929—easily pay its interest charges, which are low because of the ample security. The large remaining surplus belongs to the stockholders. Thus, debt is translated into a "bull argument" for the stock. As long as all goes well, the arrangement works as predicted, but in a period of falling profits it works the other way: debt eats up all the income and threatens the position of the common stockholder.

S. PALMER HARMAN



MAY DAY CELEBRATIONS IN U. S. S. R.

- *Sailing on* SS. *Bremen, April* 13.
- Including roundtrip third class transatlantic, second class rail Helsingfors-Leningrad, third class "roughing it" in the U. S. S. R.
- 10 days in Leningrad and Moscow.

Price from New York $256

Special trip to Dnieprostroi—12 days in the U. S. S. R. $288

- *Sailing on* SS. *Europa, April* 20.
- Including roundtrip tourist third cabin, second class rail Bremen to Moscow via Berlin, second category in the U. S. S. R.
- 10 days in Moscow and Leningrad.

Price from New York $430

The OPEN ROAD

Salmon Tower, 11 West 42nd Street, New York City

Cooperating in U. S. S. R. with INTOURIST

MAY 1st at Dnieprostroy

12 THRILLING DAYS in the U.S.S.R.

with the WORLD TOURISTS INC.

Itinerary includes Leningrad-Moscow-Kharkov-Kiev and MAY 1st CELEBRATIONS at DNIEPROSTROY

This tour $250 UP

One way $195 UP

Itinerary includes Leningrad-Moscow-Ivanovo-Vosnesensk Collective Farms and MAY 1st CELEBRATIONS in Moscow

This tour $230 UP

One way $175 UP

SHORTER TOURS AS LOW AS $155.

Sailings on These First Class Steamers:
S.S. BREMEN S.S. MAURETANIA
S.S. NEW YORK

World Tourists tours are *complete* from embarkation to termination of tour in the U.S.S.R.; with a return s. s. ticket from Cherbourg on the round trip.

For information call:
WORLD TOURISTS, Inc.
175 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY
Phone: AL. 4-6656
8797

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books, Music, Drama, Films

Poem for Jonathan

By FRANCES FROST

Now, straightening from the felled tall grass, the mowers
Down the still light
Look toward the evening, and the argent flowers
Of sunfall by the slow-breaking tide of night
Are quenched. The tawny cattle, copper-belled,
Shake clover-throats,
Cooling their sides in hushed moist meadows, drinking
From that clear pool wherein one faint star floats . . .

You will learn now the meaning of all summers:
Over your hair
The warm wind moves like the hands of a woman, softly
As the shadow of leaves against the flowing air.
There will be no more peace, save the peace that is given
By too much pain,
For you who go young and strange to the evening meadows,
Facing the quiet wind that smells of rain.

Darwin's Bulldog

Huxley, Prophet of Science. By Houston Peterson. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.50.

Huxley. By Clarence Ayres. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.

BOTH of these books cover their ground adequately, but that of Mr. Peterson shows a somewhat greater diligence in tracking down details, and is the bolder in its attempts at criticism. Mr. Peterson seems to believe, indeed, that Huxley got the worse of his last great bout, which was with Arthur James Balfour. Balfour's side was set forth in "The Foundations of Belief," published in 1895. Huxley's counterblast was prepared for the *Nineteenth Century,* but only the first half of it was published, for he died on June 29, 1895, before he could finish correcting the proofs.

There is no space here to go into the issues. The essential thing is that Huxley, on his deathbed, was still yielding nothing. His rage against theologians burned as brightly at seventy as it had at thirty-five, when he floored Bishop Wilberforce at Oxford, and with them he classed the whole dismal race of metaphysicians. Mr. Peterson hints that he nevertheless had a metaphysics of his own, and that it was sorely defective. Perhaps. But it never incommoded him when he went into action. Stripped, he was the scientist pure and simple, sweeping away all theories, good and bad alike, to get at the essential fact. No man before him had ever done that exhilarating and useful job so well, not even Voltaire, and no man has matched his performance since.

His long battle with Gladstone gets much less notice in the history books than it deserves. It was one of the truly important events of the nineteenth century, and it probably had more influence upon the course of human thought than any other. In form it was only a quarrel about the meaning of certain trivial passages in Holy Writ, but in substance it was a world revolution. When it began, an innocent faith in Genesis was still compatible with a reputation for sound sense; when it ended, every Christian above the foot-wash level had begun to hedge. Since Huxley's death there has been a formidable counter-revolution, and in the hands of such reconcilers of science and revelation—i. e., of the true and the not true—as Dr. Robert A. Millikan it still goes on, but it loses steam as year follows year. There are already Methodist Darwinians even in the South, and men now living will see Baptist Darwinians, and even Lutheran Darwinians. As for the brethren of Holy Church, they already seek cover behind perfumed clouds of casuistry.

Mr. Peterson's book, as I have said, shows a greater appetite for research than Mr. Ayres's, and so it provides us with a far more vivid picture of Huxley the man. The testimony of all the associates who have left records of him is brought in and we see him, in all probability, pretty much as he really was. He was by no means a shrinking dahlia of the laboratory. His yearning for self-expression was extraordinarily powerful, and his passionate interest in the truth was accompanied by a very active interest in Huxley. He knew how to get on. Indeed, he was the first English scientist to manage that business with anything properly describable as efficiency. He enjoyed honors, and boldly sought them. He was not unaware that the mind he had to work with was the best, in many ways, in England, and he saw to it that the fact did not go unregarded. When he came up to London, the sciences ranked, in estate and dignity, somewhere below music and far below the Civil Service. His old teacher, Thomas Wharton Jones, actually came near starving to death. But Huxley died a *Rittergutsbesitzer* and a *Geheimrat.*

Mr. Ayres makes up for his failure to limn his hero realistically by defending him vigorously against the familiar tendency to run down his purely scientific achievements. Only too often he is thought and spoken of as a mere popularizer—as no more than a tail to Darwin's kite, brilliant, but still only a tail. Dr. Ayres shows plainly that all this is nonsense. The truth is that the influence that Darwin had upon Huxley was hardly greater than the influence that Huxley had upon Darwin. If there had been no "Origin of Species," to be sure, there would have been no Huxley at all, as we remember him, but if on the other hand Huxley had not written "Man's Place in Nature," there might have been no "Descent of Man," and hence no Darwinian question as the world now understands it.

The two men, in fact, complemented each other magnificently. Darwin was a hard plodder and a facile generalizer, but he lacked anything properly describable as pedagogical frenzy. If people accepted what he had to suggest, well and good; if they rejected it, also well and good. Huxley was of a quite different sort. He was never content to discover a fact and let it make its own way in the world; he was always impelled to fight for it, earnestly and even violently. Like all men who discover in themselves a talent for controversy, he eventually acquired a delight in it for its own sake. His will to conquer was extraordinarily developed. He began his combat with Gladstone as a defender of common sense, but he ended it as a frank baiter of Gladstone.

Well, what superb baiting it was! What a bully time he had! I sometimes marvel that no scientist of his gifts has ever arisen in the United States. Here is a land swarming with Gladstones, Wilberforces, and Balfours, and what is worse, with Millikans, Pupins, and Conklins. To be sure, they fight a losing fight, for the natural movement of human thought is against them, but all the same they make a lot of pother, and trouble a good many honest souls. What a chance for a new Huxley to emerge from the laboratory and launch himself against them! What a show awaits the ringmaster foreordained! But so far he has not appeared.

H. L. MENCKEN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

More Hoover Books

The Rise of Herbert Hoover. By Walter W. Liggett. The H. K. Fly Company. $3.50.
Herbert Clark Hoover: An American Tragedy. By Clement Wood. Michael Swain. $2.
The Strange Attacks on Herbert Hoover. By Arthur Train. The John Day Company. $1.
Tough Luck—Hoover Again! By John L. Heaton. The Vanguard Press. $1.25.

THE appearance of three additional books attacking the President provokes a reaction that is instinctively unfavorable. While the public is undoubtedly entitled to know the essential facts regarding the career of the man who is seeking reelection to the highest post in the land at a crucial moment in our history, the majority of the recent books dealing with the early life of Herbert Hoover have been so marred by animus and partisanship that they have been largely discounted by intelligent readers. Consequently the tendency is to lump all the books into one category and to dismiss them, as one writer has done, as malicious, underhanded attacks which the President can scarcely be expected to notice.

It would be manifestly unfair, however, to condemn Mr. Liggett's biography for the sins of the others. It is true that his book contains many of the same indictments that were made by Mr. Hamill and Mr. Knox (Hoover's Missing Years. *The Nation.* December 9, 1931). The broad outlines of Mr. Hoover's life as he presents them do not differ materially from the picture given us by those other writers. The dissimilarity arises from the fact that Mr. Liggett gives the impression of seeking to be scrupulously fair, although occasional traces of malice creep in. Unlike the others, he cheerfully acknowledges that Mr. Hoover has attained a large share of his success by virtue of his great ability and unremitting effort, but he casts grave doubt upon the quality of that success.

While this volume does not repeat all of the sensational accusations contained in some of the earlier books, it brings forth a number of serious charges which have not yet been satisfactorily cleared up by Mr. Hoover or his apologists. For example, he is accused of obtaining his reputation for "efficiency" by ruthlessly seeking to beat the wages of his employees below the prevailing levels through the importation of unorganized alien workers, and by skimping on timbering in the mines under his control despite the provisions of the law. The author also casts serious reflections upon Mr. Hoover's administrative ability when he declares that although "most of the companies which he had promoted ended in collapse, Mr. Hoover . . . did very well personally. When the World War came his fortune was estimated at between three and four million dollars." It is difficult to overlook such accusations as these in view of the fact that the long sordid tale of Mr. Hoover's first experience in practical imperialism—wresting the Chinese Engineering and Mining Company from its Chinese owners—is given completely and accurately for the first time. On the other hand, it is pleasant to notice that several unsubstantiated allegations are definitely set at rest by Mr. Liggett. It is flatly denied, for instance, that Mr. Hoover ever voted in a British election, or that he ever considered himself a citizen of any country other than the United States. Similarly, the author refutes the preposterous charge that Mr. Hoover made personal profit out of the Belgian Relief, which he calls "the most creditable chapter in Hoover's life," although it is intimated that he did not go to Belgium with his eyes entirely shut to the prestige which might accrue to him.

Unfortunately, the second book, "Herbert Clark Hoover: An American Tragedy," exhibits many of the faults of the earlier volumes. It gives the impression, moreover, of having been culled rather largely from secondary sources, and is marred by the egotism of the author as well as by his ill-concealed enmity. It reiterates many of the earlier accusations which Mr. Liggett scrupulously avoided, and thereby invites refutation. It is to be regretted, however, that the defense of Hoover's record by Arthur Train, which appeared recently in one of the popular weeklies and is now published as a slim volume, falls into the very error which it urges against the offending biographies. It seeks, for example, to give the impression that Hoover's critics depended largely on innuendo in specific cases where no such device was actually used. Moreover, in dealing with Mr. Hoover's activities in China an attempt is made to show that he played a subordinate part and was merely an innocent bystander in what was admittedly an ugly situation. A careful study of the documents, however, will convince an impartial observer that this hypothesis is tenable only if it is assumed that Mr. Hoover was an unsophisticated weakling who could easily be duped. Moreover, there is no record that Mr. Hoover ever took a strong stand against the sharp practices of his associates either publicly or in the semi-privacy of the board of directors on which he served for many years. Yet, even accepting Mr. Train's article as it stands, certain points remain undisputed: (1) Throughout the period in question—1899 to 1914—Hoover was far more a financier and promoter than an engineer and executive; (2) he was closely affiliated for years with business groups engaged in some very questionable practices; yet (3) there is no record of his making a determined effort to stand out against current business practices or to right the wrongs that were done; (4) his experiences as a financier were not the type that would ordinarily be calculated to induce either the understanding or sympathy for the under-dog which is essential for a man in his present position. In other words, if it is true that the essence of our present economic order is the manipulation of the productive machine for the benefit of the few, it is reasonably obvious that we should not look to financiers or promoters, who are in direct charge of the process, for leadership in improving the status of the many.

The most recent of the four books, "Tough Luck—Hoover Again," is political rather than biographical. After a realistic appraisal of the present political situation, the author, formerly associate editor of the *World,* is reluctantly forced to the conclusion that there is a strong possibility that Mr. Hoover will be reelected this November, despite his rather obvious ineptitude in the face of the present crisis.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

Ghost Story

The Lady Who Came to Stay. By R. E. Spencer. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

SINCE the author admits on the jacket that he believes "The Ambassadors" to be the "loveliest novel" he has ever read, it requires no great perspicacity to see the influence of Henry James at work in the writing and structure of this first novel; and once the influence is detected, the likeness of "The Lady Who Came to Stay" to "The Turn of the Screw" is more than obvious. But derivation from James cannot in any sense be considered a detriment, for the test of an influence is the use to which it is put. If the author had not read Henry James, it is probable that the relationship between the child and Milly, for example, would not have been what it is. It is probable that he would not have been able to recognize what value an involved style, a seeming hesitancy to speak out, can lend to delicate, not brutal, corruption; he might not

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have gained, or known how to gain, a tense, uncertain expectancy in his reader.

"The Lady Who Came to Stay" can be put down as a ghost story; but leaving aside "The Turn of the Screw," which it surpasses, it is probably one of the most extraordinary ghost stories ever written. The characters are alive; their emotional patterns are intricate and unpredictable. Consequently, the ghostly contributors to the drama have definite living antagonists; the ghosts cannot strike at them or protect them in violent conventional ways. Scenes such as the one in which the sick aunt pleads with the troubled little boy that he must not want to die, or the exhausting scene in which Phoebe races up and down stairs trying to trace a strain of music, have a dramatic quality unusual not only in ghost stories but in most novels. The story opens slowly, nothing definite happens for a long time; then the long coiling of the style has a purpose and the story strikes, accurately, fatally. Beyond a shadow of a doubt, "The Lady Who Came to Stay" is a most unusual first novel; but more than that, it may prove to be one of those novels which, like "The Moonstone" and "The Maltese Falcon," suddenly turn out to be "classics."

KENNETH WHITE

Gold Mine of "Early American"

All Ye People. By Merle Colby. The Viking Press. $2.50.

ASTONISHING talent and astonishing naivete are freakishly combined in this first novel, which is so remarkable that it can be recommended to every student of American literature. The time is 1810. Though it treats specifically of the settling of the "Ohio country" and tells a romantic pioneer love story, the novel's real subject is "Fredonia"—a name proposed for the United States at that time—and almost all of Fredonia. With the hero we go to Vermont, to Ohio, to Philadelphia, to Albany, to Charleston; we ride West with "movers" in a Conestoga wagon; we sail down the coast in a "bugeye" schooner; we eat "tuck-a-nuck" and feel "nationly"; we listen to soldiers in a stockade fort in the West and to sailors in an inn at Boston; we make ready for war with England; we meet a survivor of Burr's plot for the Republic of the West, a bluestocking who corresponds with Jefferson, a contractor who has sold bad powder to the government, a band of counterfeiters in the "Endless Mountains." It is impossible to give an adequate conception of the wealth of local color that has been crammed into these 429 pages by this zealous antiquarian. "Moby Dick" does not deal more exhaustively with whaling than "All Ye People" deals with Fredonia.

Mr. Colby acknowledges his indebtedness to the "almanacs, calendars, yearbooks, registers, chapbooks, songbooks, directories, duty lists, gazetteers, original narratives, historical collections, guidebooks, biographical sketches, journals, road lists, political and utopian pamphlets, currency tables, census enumerations, itineraries, schoolbooks, account-books, statistical catalogues, civil, judicial, ecclesiastical, and military lists, maps, charts, and atlases" which form his book's "real basis." What he has done, it does not take us long to discover, is simply to put this material into story form—sometimes, apparently, using little more than scissors and paste. "John's wide eyes took in . . . biscuits, peas, corn, apples, onions, adzed timbers, staves, butter, cheese, pickled oysters, beef, pork. Wheat, bread, flour. Beaver and marten skins, plaster of Paris, isinglass in sheets." Usually these catalogues—there are virtually chapters of them—are more disguised. Obviously this one, since the scene is a wharf, came from a duty list. Such a method is rescued from dulness by an extraordinary sense of period; not for a moment does the year 1810 leave Mr. Colby's mind; he trails it to the last quaint orthography. We are given a sunbat in the morning of the Republic, and as arranged by this zeal it becomes a very sensual experience indeed; I do not see ho any American can fail to enjoy it. But the quality of M Colby's imagination is another matter; this is so romantic th by comparison "As You Like It," Robert Louis Stevenson, Jam Lane Allen, and the movies seem staid and repressed. Tyra nical stepfathers, runaway young ladies disguised as youn men, arrows shot by unseen Indians—these give hardly a tast of the raging grammar-school imagination that we encounte here. The America portrayed, moreover, suggests the geog raphy book and the Scout Manual. As far as Mr. Colby i concerned, our so-called literary coming of age might neve have taken place. "All Ye People" will not appeal to our in telligentsia; in fact it will make them laugh.

Then why do I recommend it? Because for all its ab surdity—and its much more reprehensible sentimentality—it i the product of a kind of genius. No lesser term will do justic to the extraordinary natural gift that has produced this gol mine of "early American." And since Mr. Colby believe ardently in the world that history book and thriller have cre ated for him, he writes with a verve that few of our "intelli gent" novels have even approached. I can understand wh some impressionable reviewer thought for a moment that "Al Ye People" might be the Great American Novel. It has non of the modern sickness; its gusto is terrific; it is composed wit a boldness, an assurance, that comes only to the genius or th schoolboy. Its spendthrift way with the language will mak some of our word-sick poets turn green with envy. On every page there is evidence of the ingenuity of a born writer. In short, it would be a masterpiece if it did not happen to b nonsense.

GERALD SYKES

Books in Brief

The Anatomy of Don Quixote. A Symposium Edited by M. J. Bernardete and Angel Flores. Ithaca, N. Y.: The Dragon Press. $1.50.

This little book is invaluable to any student of Cervantes. It contains excellent translations of four essays: The Genesis, by Ramón Menéndez Pidal; The Social and Historical Background, by A. Morel-Fatio; The Style, by Helmut Hatzfeld; Hamlet and Don Quixote, by Ivan Turgenev. The work of the first three named, together with that of Unamuno, Aubrey Bell, Américo Castro, and Ortega y Gasset, represents probably the finest and most penetrating Cervantes scholarship the last twenty-five years have produced.

Ovid's Fasti. With an English Translation by Sir James George Frazer. *Philostratus: Imagines; Callistratus: Descriptions.* With an English Translation by Arthur Fairbanks. *Elegy and Iambus.* Being the Remains of All the Greek Elegiac and Iambic Poets. With the Anacreontea. Two volumes. Newly Edited and Translated by J. M. Edmonds. Loeb Classical Library. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 a volume.

These four new volumes in the Loeb Classical Library are of unusual interest. The "Fasti," for instance, whose editor is the famous author of "The Golden Bough," was requested for the series several years ago. But Sir James, who seems unable to compose any work in less than a thousand pages at the least, produced five volumes before he finished. These were published in 1929 by Macmillan, who now allows the Library to have back—in a reduced form—its promised child. Sir James's notes, condensed for this edition by one of the editors of the Library, are of course both beautiful and valu-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ible, and if anyone wants a summary of "The Golden Bough" n three pages he may find it here in the note entitled Nemi. The "Imagines" of the elder and the younger Philostratus and he "Descriptions" of Callistratus are specimens of Alexan- lrian rhetoric and aesthetic for those who are curious about such things. "Elegy and Iambus" completes the series of volumes into which the Library has collected the whole of Greek lyric poetry as—mostly in fragments—it has survived the centuries. Mr. Edmonds's share in the series has been great and important; the only regret one may have at the end is that he chose to render the Anacreontics in verse—his best verse, doubtless, but not good enough in view of what Herrick, Cowley, Stanley, Moore, and others have done.

Joel Chandler Harris, Editor and Essayist: Miscellaneous Literary, Political, and Social Writings. Edited by Julia Collier Harris. The University of North Carolina Press. $4.

The man who is known to most of us only as the creator of Uncle Remus was a veteran journalist who served on a variety of newspapers in his youth, worked on the Atlanta *Constitution* from 1876 to 1900, and in the last years of his life edited a magazine of his own. In this volume his daughter-in-law and biographer has collected some of his editorials and articles, treating of such questions as the political position of the South, the status of the Negro, and the character and needs of Southern literature. There are also essays on rural themes and general philosophical topics. Though this material has little intrinsic value, it gives us a clearer understanding of Harris and his period. It shows him as a kindly man, moderate in his political views, orthodox in his religious opinions, gently whimsical in his relations with his neighbors. On the whole, it suggests that posterity has been wise in remembering the Uncle Remus stories and forgetting the rest of his work.

Japan: A Short Cultural History. By G. B. Sansom. The Century Company. $7.50.

This volume is a study of civilization in Japan from its beginnings in the first century A.D. to the revolution of 1868, which restored power to the imperial dynasty and ended the long influence of Chinese civilization by turning Japanese admiration to the West. The forms of Japanese civilization were Chinese; the content, in the long run, was Japanese. If during a large part of her history Japan was imitative, it must be remembered that it takes discernment to recognize what is superior, courage to accept it, and creative power to transform it. All this the Japanese had. As Noguchi in science and Kuniyoshi in painting have demonstrated, the Japanese can produce masters in whichever civilization they adopt. The story is a fascinating one, and it is very well told. Except for Murdoch's much longer history there is no better book available on the subject.

The Red Fog Lifts. By Albert Muldavin. D. Appleton and Company. $2.

The author of this readable little book is an American business man who made a trip to Russia. He pretends to no unusual knowledge and to no unusual adventures but writes a shrewd journalistic account of contacts with everyday Russians.

Article Thirty-Two. By John Rathbone Oliver. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

A somewhat weak-minded athlete and son of a clergyman gets mixed up in Y. M. C. A. religion, progresses through evangelical, Low Church, Middle and High Angelican ministries, lives a wretched unsatisfied life, and dies a failure in matrimony, fatherhood, and religion. He leaves behind, however, a son who takes celibate orders just short of Rome. The painful trouble with the novel lies in the rather fatuous treatment of the main character and the complete remoteness of the problems. There is, fundamentally, no reason why the study this novel proposed to be should not have been a profound one, except the fatal reason that the emotions of the characters are too pat, formal, and external.

Music

Hints for Program-Makers

THERE ought to be a society for the promotion of temperance among program-makers—presided over, of course, by the, in this respect, altogether admirable Mr. Koussevitzky. To its attention I would draw the recent programs of Messrs. Beecham, Stokowski, and Ross, of the Philharmonic and Philadelphia orchestras and the Schola Cantorum. Sir Thomas, arriving in this country, announces that we Americans are too much under the influence of jazz and do not hear enough classical music, following up his statement with such unfamiliar classics as Strauss's "Don Quixote," Brahms's Third Symphony, and César Franck's D-Minor—the latter unheard here since Mr. Golschmann played it, almost three long months ago. Mr. Stokowski continues to kill modern music with kindness: his latest concert was his second program this season devoted almost exclusively to first auditions of contemporary works. It is a mistaken idea that there are two kinds of people—those that like familiar music and those that like unfamiliar—and that a concert should devote itself exclusively to one or the other. There are doubtless many who are intolerant of any unfamiliar music at all; but there are certainly few who dislike all familiar music, and fewer still who can remain alert through an entire evening of first auditions. Mr. Koussevitzky, by his judicious assortment of familiar works and novelties, makes more friends for the latter than Mr. Stokowski, with his aggressive championing of them; and he makes it possible for his auditors to listen to new works in some sort of proper setting.

Mr. Hugh Ross is tending in Mr. Stokowski's direction. But he lays himself still more open to attack by exhuming trivial works of great composers, written in an idiom we know thoroughly, so that we are not at all in doubt about their insignificance. When Mr. Stokowski is through, we may be entirely at sea about the value of much that he has played. But when Mr. Ross has given us Brahms's "Rinaldo" and Weber's Cantata "Hinaus in's frische Leben," we know perfectly well that they are dull, unimportant things, and that Mr. Ross could have found material more worthy of the time and attention of his excellent chorus. Randall Thompson's "Odes of Horace" were entirely worth doing; likewise, perhaps, the Spanish choruses. But the Herrmann "Strassensingen" had nothing to recommend them but their novelty; the "Quatuor" for flute, harp, celesta, and saxophone of Villa-Lobos, with chorus obbligato in the last movement only, seemed of doubtful appropriateness on a chorus program; and the Chinese Songs of Mr. Wagenaar were done, apparently, only because the soprano and flute and harp happened to be present. There are so many really great choral works which are relatively unfamiliar that there would seem to be no reason why any program of the Schola, which gives only three or four concerts a year, should be devoted exclusively to second-rate music and worse, however novel.

"Pelléas et Mélisande"—once more presented in the Metropolitan's familiar production—is now almost thirty years old. The only opera since Tristan that has challenged comparison

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with that work in historic as well as intrinsic importance is also in many ways its antithesis. As one to whom the storms and stresses of Tristan, borne with varying difficulty by the singers who have to deal with them, are too intense and continuous to follow with truly appropriate emotions, I have always listened to the cool simplicities of "Pelléas" with a relief that made admiration nearly blind. But I think the Metropolitan performance has hastened the realization that while understatement is a strong rhetorical device, it is not inexhaustible. The discovery is not new, of course, except to me and those like me whom the unique beauties of "Pelléas" had blinded to its weaknesses.

The Metropolitan production, and more especially Mr. Whitehill's performance as Golaud, too often breaks out of the cool twilight of Debussy and Maeterlinck, and by interpreting their quiet language with an emphasis foreign to it makes it seem weaker than it is. But when Mr. Rothier's Arkel, which both vocally and histrionically leaves almost nothing to be desired, begins to seem inflated and a little silly, it is time to make a hard admission: the lines of Maeterlinck, once full of a vague and powerful magic, are wearing out; and worse, Debussy often put too much faith in them. For while there are many places where the music does seem to lend needed reinforcement to the drama, according to a theory expounded at considerable length in these columns some months ago, there are others where it is simply too good for the words, and yet so intimately wedded to them that its separate strength is not sufficient to carry them. Debussy was at times too successful in subordinating his music to words which familiarity has rendered a little ridiculous. "Si j'étais Dieu j'aurais pitié du cœur des hommes"; "Regardez comme elle dort . . . lentement . . . lentement . . . on dirait que son âme a froid pour toujours"; there are others—passages that time has rotted in a way in which it has hardly touched the music.

ARTHUR MENDEL

Drama

The Comedian's Paradox

"THE WARRIOR'S HUSBAND" (Morosco Theater) deals comically with the expedition of Hercules into the land of the Amazons, and it is made into an amusing entertainment chiefly through the efforts of two very able performers—namely, Miss Katharine Hepburn and Mr. Romney Brent. As for the piece itself, its broad burlesque is somewhat lacking both in variety and in invention since it devotes most of its time to iterating and reiterating the obvious jokes suggested by the fact that in Hippolyta's kingdom modesty, gentleness, and docility are the qualities most admired in a man. Its author's conception of parody seldom rises above the level attained when one of the robust females threatens to give another "a kick in the tunic," and in such respects the whole play is distinctly more primitive than others, like "The Road to Rome," which it obviously imitates. Indeed, there are moments when it strongly suggests either a vaudeville skit or a musical-comedy libretto, but the two performances just mentioned—that of Miss Hepburn as the leader of the Queen's huntresses and that of Mr. Brent as the Amazons' conception of a "manly" man with curled and perfumed whiskers—lift the whole above its natural level. Miss Hepburn, to take her first, is decidedly personable. Tall, lithe, and handsome, she is extremely good to look at in her becoming tunic, and she brings to the role a young vitality which, despite its vigor, never ceases to be in our own sense "feminine." Mr. Brent, for his part, gives a performance so engagingly subtle that he really deserves more lengthy and analytic praise than our actors commonly get or commonly earn. Those who have previously seen him in other roles, and especially in the part of the young scamp of "The Streets of New York," must have noted a certain comic and delightful floridity. Thanks, perhaps, to his Latin blood, he can make the grand gesture with a natural ease very rare in our theater, and when he adds, as he can, a suggestion of self-mockery, the effect is ludicrously grandiose. But good as he has been before, he has never, I think, actually contributed so much to a role as he does when he makes the lay figure of this play into a memorable character. And it is not, I hasten to add, merely because he suggests effeminacy. Any competent mimic could have done that, but Mr. Brent does a great deal more when he makes Sapiens both comic and likable and at the same time convincing. It would have been so easy to make the part merely disgusting that his success reminds one of Diderot's Paradox of the Comedian, and at the risk of seeming pedantic I must raise the point.

Diderot, it will be remembered, commented on the fact that certain roles in comedy—particularly those of the coward, the bully, and the like—demand something much more difficult than realism. They demand that the actor, while playing the role, keep the audience reminded that he is not actually the contemptible person whom he represents, and that the purely comic effect of the character's defects be separated from the repulsive one by just this technique. What would be disgusting becomes merely funny when we realize that this is not a bully but some likable performer *impersonating* a bully, and it is exactly this which Mr. Brent does make us realize. He does not step from his role or wink at the audience. In no obvious way does he fail to lose himself in the character. But somehow or other he does manage to rob it of all trace of the unpleasant by refusing to allow us to forget, even for a minute, that he is deliberately impersonating. And what a vast difference this makes can be seen in an instant if one will compare his performance with, for example, that of the male dressmaker in last week's "Child of Manhattan." As mimicry the latter was excellent. But it was also not particularly funny and quite decidedly unpleasant. Mr. Brent, on the other hand, is purely comic, and to say that is to say that he has a particular talent so uncommon that its very rarity probably explains why certain types of artificial comedy have all but disappeared from our stage. His gifts, if wisely employed by producers, would make a career for him and add to the contemporary stage one kind of excellence it very seldom exhibits.

For the third offering in its young career the Group Theater has chosen Maxwell Anderson's "Night over Taos" (Forty-eighth Street Theater), and for this production also I have nothing but praise. Promising as these actors were in "The House of Connelly," they have matured with amazing rapidity and they are now acting together with a harmony which might well be envied by most of the companies of well-known performers assembled by our most experienced producers. Here again, however, the play is not quite so satisfactory as the acting which sets it forth, and it must be confessed that Mr. Anderson's tragedy dealing with the Spanish aristocrats who made their last stand in New Mexico does not quite come off. The play is intelligent and it holds the interest, but it is not profoundly affecting. There is suspense and there is violence but the whole seems remote and, all too often, merely picturesque at the very moments when it ought to be tragic or, at least, moving. Doubtless there is an initial difficulty to be met in the effort to make a contemporary audience take a profound interest in a little-known incident of history, but the fact remains that Mr. Anderson is not entirely successful in overcoming that difficulty. One approves but one does not grow particularly enthusiastic.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PLAYS LECTURES

THE THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

REUNION IN VIENNA
a comedy by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD
MARTIN BECK THEA., 45 St. & 8 Ave. PEnn. 6-6100
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

THE MOON IN THE YELLOW RIVER
By DENIS JOHNSTON
GUILD THEATRE, 52d St., West of B'way
Eves. 8:40 Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:40

GILBERT MILLER Presents
EDNA BEST HERBERT MARSHALL
in **THERE'S ALWAYS JULIET**
A Comedy by John van Druten
"Utterly delightful."—*John Mason Brown, Post.*
EMPIRE THEATRE, Broadway and 40th St. Eves. 8:40
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30

HELEN HAYES
in MOLNAR'S New Comedy
THE GOOD FAIRY
"One of the few triple-starred, immediately recommendable entertainments in town."—*Gilbert Gabriel, N. Y. American.*
HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE, 124 West 43rd Street
Evenings 8:50 Mats. Thurs., Sat. 2:40

GILBERT MILLER AND LESLIE HOWARD Present
LESLIE HOWARD
in PHILIP BARRY'S New Comedy
THE ANIMAL KINGDOM
"The season's most gratifying adventure."
—*Percy Hammond, Herald-Tribune*
Staged by GILBERT MILLER
BROADHURST THEA. 44th St., West of B'way. Eves 8:40
Mats. Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30

HARRY MOSES *presents*
"THE WARRIOR'S HUSBAND"
"Travesty that provides an evening of unpretentious fun."
—*Atkinson, Times.*
MOROSCO THEATRE 45th St. W. of Broadway
Matinees: Wed. & Sat.

THE GROUP

Meets at Auditorium—150 West 85th St.
Tuesday Evening, March 29th, at 8:30 P. M.
PROF. SCOTT NEARING *speaks on*
"CAN THE SYSTEM OF SOVIET RUSSIA SUCCEED IN AMERICA?

THE SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE
2 West 64th Street
"The Challenge of Unemployment in England and America"
LORD SNELL OF PLUMSTEAD
Recent Member, Parliamentary Commission for Investigation of Unemployment
MR. W. H. MATTHEWS
Director, Emergency Work Bureau of New York City
Thursday, March 31, at 8:30 P. M.
Free Public Meeting

WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT

Plays to See

Blessed Event—Longacre—48 St. W. of B'way.
Counsellor-at-Law—Plymouth—W. 45 St.
Cynara—Shubert—44 St. W. of B'way.
Child of Manhattan—Cort—48 St. E. of B'way.
Face The Music—New Amsterdam—W. 42 St.
Hay Fever—Avon—W. 45 St.
Of Thee I Sing—Music Box—W. 45 St.
Reunion in Vienna—Martin Beck—45 St. & 8 Ave.
Riddle Me This—John Golden—W. 58 St.
Springtime for Henry—Bijou—45 St.
The Animal Kingdom—Broadhurst—44 St. W. of B'way.
The Devil Passes—Selwyn—W. 42 St.
The Good Fairy—Henry Miller's—124 W. 43 St.
The Laugh Parade—Imperial—W. 45 St.
The Left Bank—Little—44 St.
The Moon in the Yellow River—Guild—52 St. W. of B'way.
The Warrior's Husband—Morosco—45 St. W. of B'way.
There's Always Juliet—Empire—B'way and 40 St.
Trick for Trick—Geo. M. Cohan—B'way & 43 St.
Whistling in the Dark—Ethel Barrymore—47 St. W. of B'way.

Lectures and Discussions

"Can the System of Soviet Russia Succeed in America," Scott Nearing, Auditorium, 150 W. 85th St., Tuesday evening, March 29th, at 8:30 P. M.

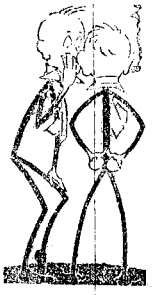
"The World Outlook in Economics and Politics," Scott Nearing and Norman Thomas, Star Casino, 105 East 107th St., Monday evening, March 28th, 8 P. M.

"The Challenge of Unemployment in England and America," Lord Snell of Plumstead and Mr. W. H. Matthews, The Society for Ethical Culture, 2 West 64th St., Thursday, March 31, at 8:30 P. M.

A Reminder

Our readers are looking for
SUMMER HOMES

VACATION HOTELS AND CAMPS
SUMMER PLACES FOR THE CHILDREN
AND OTHER SORTS OF ACCOMMODATIONS FOR THE SUMMER



If you have any to rent, or sell, tell them about it in the advertising columns of The Nation.

Rates: ½-inch (30 words) minimum $3.08
Additional lines of 6 words, each .62

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Films

Hollywood Preferred

IT is a firm though unwritten American principle that speed covers a multitude of sins. Make things move fast enough and any violation of intelligence or morals will either go unnoticed in the excitement or be forgiven on the ground that "it was a good show." A contempt for slowness either of mind or body is absorbed by the average American child while that admirable maxim, "The race is not always to the swift," is merely memorized. Perhaps it is a heritage from our frontier history, when agility was more relevant than virtue. Its existence, if not its consequences, is unquestionable.

Hollywood has learned well the lesson of speed and its uses. And as far as films are concerned I take my stand with Hollywood. By its very abhorrence of slowness Hollywood achieves a sort of sophistication, cheap though it undoubtedly is, which makes a large proportion of American pictures bearable. If I am accused of being nationalistic I can point out that the world in general prefers Hollywood films. And the secret must be speed, for it is in tempo that foreign and American films differ most. There are exceptions—René Clair in France, and the Russians, who achieve speed similar in degree if not in kind. Assuredly, too much emphasis on speed may result in a sacrifice of subtlety in plot and complexity of character, but it is only too rarely that a film, either foreign or domestic, has anything to lose by moving swiftly.

The difference in tempo is well illustrated in two current pictures, one from Hollywood, the other from Germany. Both are second-rate, both are concerned with the underworld. But in "The Beast of the City" (Roxy Theater) the situation is stated and the characterizations—of the "gun Moll," the weak detective, the reforming sheriff, and the gang leader—are accomplished in a few well-handled scenes, making way for immediate action. The "gun Moll," for example, is quickly defined by the simple and dramatic device of having her appear in a police line-up. The picture as a whole is clear-cut and moves swiftly. In "Tempest," with Emil Jannings (Little Carnegie), it becomes clear only after a cumbersome and long sequence that the hero is a chronic convict. As for the girl, her character as a light o' love does not emerge until the story is half told, and then only dimly. Finally, the whole story is slowed down by long stretches of irrelevant dialogue. It is true that the people in the Hollywood film tend to be types, since it is not a first-rate production, just as its plot follows a formula. But in the German film neither the characters nor the situation are sufficiently clear-cut to motivate the action. Further confusion results from the fact that Jannings telescopes into this role all his former roles; the action consequently must make way for a display of his entire repertory of pathos, humor, and passion. Jannings is a powerful actor, and always interesting. But he is best presented with restraint.

Having praised Hollywood for its speed, it is only fair to admit the probability that Hollywood merely makes up with its heels what it lacks in its head. For only Hollywood would have the quite pointless courage to combine slapstick with Frederick Lonsdale. "The Passionate Plumber" (Capitol Theater) is just such a combination. The outlines of the original play, "Her Cardboard Lover," are only sufficiently visible to show what a foolish experiment it is. The real trouble with the film is that Buster Keaton and not Jimmie Durante is given the leading role. There is apparently a conspiracy to keep Durante not only from having a picture of his own but from having more than a very minor role. The latter precaution is perhaps justified since he walks away with any picture in which he is allowed more than two scenes.

"Sky Devils" (Rivoli Theater) is being hailed as a satire on war-time aviation. But it is much closer to burlesque than to anything so consciously designed as satire. It is for the most part only another aviation picture—but that means that there is beautiful and skilful sky photography which makes it worth seeing.

After all, the best film I have encountered in two weeks is the now rather old Silly Symphony, "The Spider and the Fly." It has suspense, humor, rhythm, and, in general, dramatic excellence.

MARGARET MARSHALL

☐ TOURS ☐

The Greatest TRAVEL VALUE

30 DAYS of delightful travel
$202.00

Witness the enormous
MAY DAY CELEBRATIONS
in Moscow on May 1st

A variety of trips at surprisingly low rates offered in our booklet "N"

Tour to **RUSSIA**

Includes: Ocean passage in Modern Third Class, FORMER TOURIST CLASS SECTION, fare to Russia via England or Germany and Finland, hotels and meals en route to Russia and during 7 DAYS IN LENINGRAD AND MOSCOW, with sightseeing, entertainment, conductor's and interpreter's services, visas, etc.

RETURN PASSAGE ON CUNARD LINE STEAMER INCLUDED.

AMALGAMATED BANK
11-15 Union Square New York City

YOU HAVE the opportunity to rent your house or apartment, or sublet it, or sell it, or rent your farm for the summer, to more than 36,000 Nation readers, through the classified columns of The Nation.

Rates — ½ inch, $3.08

Additional lines of 6 words $.62

THE NATION
COrtlandt 7-3330

☐ EDUCATIONAL ☐

FRENCH, SPANISH ITALIAN GERMAN RUSSIAN
Conversational method. Native teachers. Private lessons 75c. 9 to 9 daily. 26th year. At 9-6075
FISHER'S SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES
1264 Lexington Avenue, N. W. Cor. 85th St.

CONVERSATIONAL FRENCH
Spanish - Italian - German
Private lessons 75c (Daily 9-9). Native teachers.
UNIVERSAL SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES
1265 Lexington Ave., Northeast Cor. 85th St.

SHOPPERS CORNER

CHECK CONSTIPATION
FUDO BRAND, purest, cleanest, Blond
PSYLLIUM SEED
for eliminating the evils of constipation
Not a drug—a natural laxative, highly recommended by eminent physicians and insurance companies. Approved by Good Housekeeping. Sent postpaid in U. S. on receipt of payment. Fudo Psyllium Cor., Dep. N, 145 Hudson St., N. Y. C.
8 lbs $2.35 4 lbs $1.40

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED